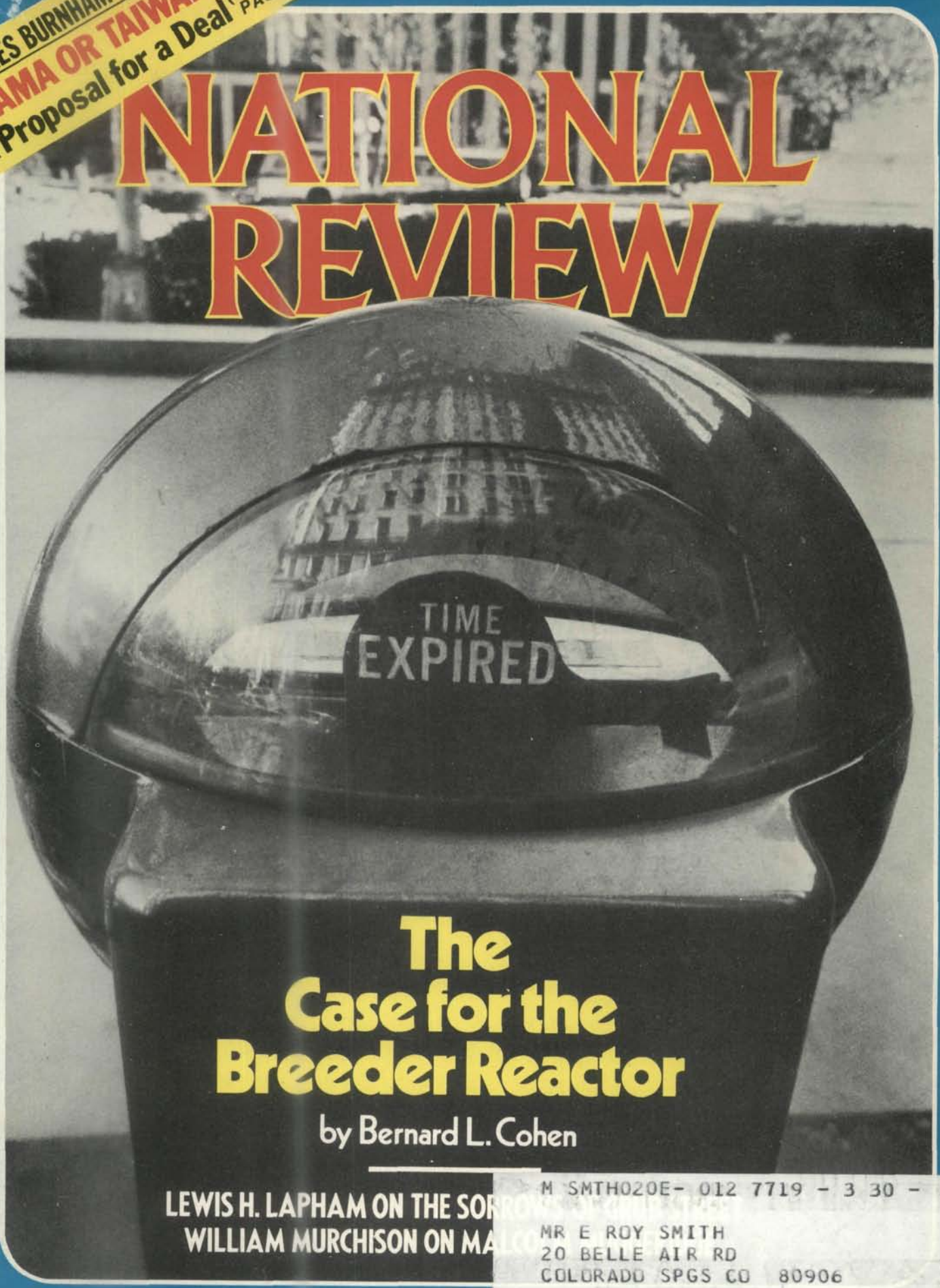
SEPTEMBER 16, 1977

JAMES BURNHAM ON:
ANAMA OR TAIWAN?
-A Proposal for a Deal (SEE PAGE 10

# NATIONAL REVIEW




## The Case for the Breeder Reactor

by Bernard L. Cohen

LEWIS H. LAPHAM ON THE SOR
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# In 1779, when John Paul Jones received com Bonhomme Richard, Martell may well have

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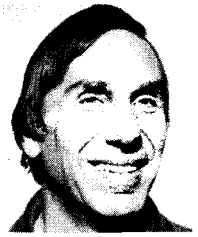

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## ARTICLES


1044 **The Case for the Breeder Reactor**
A small roomful of plutonium-239 can supply the entire United States with enough electric power for an entire year. What's more, it is safer than the stuff you are inhaling as you read this. Incredibly, the President has nixed it—thanks to supersitions diligently sown by a lobby of "scientists." ("You see, Mr. President, plutonium causes acne and, in some cases, insanity.")
*Bernard L. Cohen*

1050 **The Cheery Doomsayer**
"It is a favorite theory of mine," says Malcolm Muggeridge, "that in every dying civilization, you have a death wish. You see people doing all they can to bring it about. It is inconceivable that anything—anything earthly—could reverse this process."
*William Murchison*

1052 **Wisdom in New York**
Young Americans for Freedom gathered in New York lately, making headlines, whoopee, and sense. *Frederick R. Dempsey*


## COLUMNS


1043 **Panama or Taiwan?**
You can't go on capitulating indefinitely: sooner or later you make a stand, or die. But the better part of valor is discretion.
*James Burnham*

1053 **Markets and Meat Wagons**
May the Best Ambulance Win: how the free market worked in Wichita, 'way back when. *William F. Rickenbacker*

1054 **Repeating History**
On teaching the subject which is as valuable as it is useless. *Russell Kirk*


## BOOKS ARTS & MANNERS


1055 **The Cave of the Winds**
Commercial and other pressures conspire against the possibility of a frank and robust discussion in our magazines. The people who are always wishing we had a Mencken wouldn't know what to do with one if he materialized; and though everybody deplores labeling positions, we seem to be tenaciously dependent on labels.
*Lewis H. Lapham*

1060 **The Blue Pencil**
*The Suppressed Poems of Robinson Jeffers* is really *The "Suppressed" Poems of Robinson Jeffers.* *Hugh Kenner*

1061 **General Nice Guy**
Gregory Peck's MacArthur fades away without really having faded in. *M. J. Sobran Jr.*

1062 **Caramoor**
The setting is as good as the festival.
*Nika Hazelton*

1064 **Roadside America**
City slicker, beware! *D. Keith Mano*

1067 **Dark Horses**
Some people think Galbraith is a great economist. God knows why, and Friedman explains why. *M. Stanton Evans*

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| Live hogs | Copper | Deutschemarks | Swiss francs | Fresh eggs | Butter |
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# Letters

## Moral Anesthesia

Stéphane Groueff's portrait of Cambodia ["Cambodian Gore," Sept. 2] is almost too harrowing. After reading it one finds it hard to get worked up about the minor annoyances the Moscow, Peking, Prague, and Havana regimes inflict upon their subjects; even the Berlin Wall seems a mere architectural curiosity next to these new horrors. Let's hope the psychology isn't pervasive: it would be a thousand pities if, instead of having their eyes opened anew to the evils of Communism, the people of he West were to regard any tyranny as relatively benign unless it rivaled the black record of Angkar.

*Chicago, Ill.* ANTHONY LUZINSKI

## Ireland &c.

I wish to say how pleased I was with two recent articles in *NR*. The first was Hugh Kenner's article on Ireland ["How the Cruiser Was Grounded and Finn MacCool Returned," Aug. 5]. Having spent four months in Ireland (north and south) last year I feel he has captured that strange mixture of hard reality and fey myth that gives Ireland both its charm and its heartache. The spirit of Kathleen ni Houlahan is still abroad in Ireland, and the bloodshed in the North will go on until that restless spirit is finally laid to rest.

The second article I praise is the book review by John Lukacs [Aug. 19] of David Irving's *Hitler's War*. I myself was stunned by the Irving book, which presents as bland fact such statements as that of the charlatan William Rhodes Davis, who asserted to Goering that Roosevelt would enter the war on Germany's side, as well as by such an outrage as Mr. Irving's attack on the men of July 20. Further, Mr. Lukacs has done us a service with his timely reminders about pro-Nazism. Today conservatives are the true internationalists, while too many liberals have retreated into a nostalgic isolationist posture. Our own times bear a close resemblance to the Thirties. We should be on our guard.

*Ridgewood, N.J.* KEVIN J. MCKEEGAN

Hugh Kenner may know something about Dublin but he clearly knows nothing about Ireland, which lends credence to the remark someone once made about James Joyce: "He may have been a Dublinman but he wasn't much of an Irishman." The vast majority in rural Ireland think the same of Kenner's hero—Conor Cruise O'Brien. As a matter of fact, O'Brien is one of the most disliked men in all of Ireland, a man who is incapable of winning a County Council election outside his own constituency. It is little wonder that some refer to him as an "over-educated fool."

Kenner's attempt at humor hurts himself more than it hurts the Irish. He talks about "the myth of 1916" but it was no myth and the reality of 1916 will continue to haunt the British so long as one of their soldiers remains on Irish soil. Just because Kenner does not understand proportional representation, that does not mean that the system is without merit.

One thing is certain, Mr. Kenner has gone out of his way to insult the Irish and the system under which they live. Why is it that so many Joyce lovers must write contemptuously of Ireland before they begin to praise Joyce?

*Buffalo, N.Y.* G. C. SMITH

## In Like Coin

Re: "Auction Time at the ACLU" ["On the Right," July 22]: One hopes the ACLU paid for the abortion in coin. It would add enormously to its prestige if, in this day of rapidly rising prices, it had succeeded in stabilizing the price of innocence at the figure set some 2000 years ago—thirty pieces of silver.

*Vancouver, B.C.* COLIN P. HARRISON

## Crossfire

Well, D. Keith Mano has done it again. Of course, I should have known better than to rush headlong into an article of *his* about the gays [Aug. 5], but still . . . Is there somebody I can sue for mental anguish? Talk about disgustingness! I do believe Mr. Mano is almost on a par with Erica Jong, who is the all-time champ. Oh well, it takes all kinds to make a world, as the Good Book says.

But as for Mano's findings that gays are more glib, intelligent, and educated—well, pish-tush. And even if they are, who needs it? For the felicity of being normal and unperverted I'd forgo a lot, even glibness, intelligence, and education. And maybe I *am* un-glib, unintelligent, and uneducated, although I doubt it. I could be any or all of those things. Dull, in fact. But *I* shall be dull in heaven. Will the gays be merry in hell?

*Tulsa, Okla.* JENNIFER DYER

D. Keith Mano thought he was being pretty cute and clever to join the Gay Pride Day march "disguised" by unbuttoning his top two shirt buttons. Sick! All he writes about is the fringe of the "gay" question. Never does he arrive at the heart of the matter.

True, gays are misled in trying to equate themselves with other groups in some



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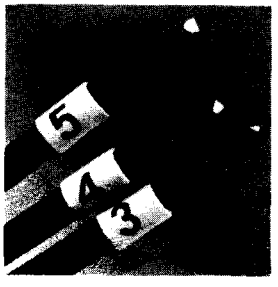

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"ethnic" fashion. Being "gay" is a burden borne by all races and ethnic groups. It is not funny, as he seems to think it is. It is a tragic lifestyle that some of us find ourselves living.

And we aren't "sick" and we can't be "cured," despite the fervent hopes of some misguided psychiatrists. Anyone wanting to understand the basic phenomenon of fear and hatred directed toward "gays" in our society need only read *The Manufacture of Madness*, by Thomas Szasz, MD.

What is at issue is human rights (*yes*!, again). They cannot be denied selectively. Denial is progressive. First gays are shut out of the job market, housing, etc., and then, who next? Left-handed people? Cross-eyed people? Knock-kneed people? Those who hold views more conservative than the dominant culture?

It takes no wit, no intelligence, no knowledge, to cast a stone. Before he does so again, Mano might well ponder the depths of the Navajo saying: "Before you criticize me, you must walk in my moccasins for a day."

*San Francisco, Calif.* G. F. NORRIS

## On Plonking and Plonkers

I enjoyed Mr. Sobran's review of the Diana Trilling book [July 22], but think he libeled Houyhnhnms. They were really rather admirable non-people. What he attributes to Mrs. Trilling falls more accurately under "plonking." Plonking, according to Stephen Potter in one of the ——manship books, is the asseveration of the obvious, but in such a way as to suggest that no matter how banal the sentiment, the speaker has a right to utter it because he has personally verified its truth.

Plonking is quite popular on talk shows. Johnny Carson's guests are frequently plonkers. Hugh Downs, late of Jack Paar, was a world-class plonker. Others will spring to mind I am sure. (Incidentally, one of the greatest anti-plonking devices yet invented is Malcolm Muggeridge.)

*Houston, Tex.* F. S. RUDDY

*Agreed—and we have provided a good dose of his anti-plonk on page 1050 of this issue.* —LB

## Points

From your lead editorial on the Panama Canal [Sept. 2]: "People with no sense of history seek to condemn American actions in 1902 . . ." People *with* a sense of history should be a little more careful with dates—our big moves in Panama didn't come till 1903.

*New Haven, Conn.* I. M. ZINCAVAGE

This is to bring to your attention two apparent errors in (the translation of?) H. I. Butman's letter [July 22].

1. The prisoners Bagrat Shakverdyan and Razmik Zograbyan could hardly be



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# "They create a wilderness, and call it a renewal."
# —*Tacitus paraphrased*

# LITURGICAL REVOLUTION

## Michael Davies

The Second Vatican Council and its aftermath accomplished, in less than a decade, a revolution in the Catholic Church. With predictable results. Liberals welcome the revolution with guarded enthusiasm: "It's a *beginning* . . ." Rank-and-file Catholics have mixed responses: confusion, relief at the easier discipline, shock at the easier discipline, apathy, and a readiness to give up going to church. Traditional Catholics regret the changes—some merely dragging their heels, others with bitter resistance.

Among the loyal opposition, no one has written more trenchantly than British Catholic convert Michael Davies. The liturgy is his special interest; but he sees the Old Mass not simply as beautiful ceremonial, but as the cutting edge of Catholic belief. In Volume I of this imposing trilogy, Mr. Davies recalls how the Old Mass was once before taken from English-speaking Catholics. Volume II reviews how the liberals worked their will at the Second Vatican Council.

VOLUME I

## CRANMER'S GODLY ORDER

This short book is a model of historical synthesis. Drawing upon the best of Catholic and Protestant scholarship (Hughes, Messenger, Chadwick, Fortescue, Clark, Gasquet, Harrison, Fletcher) and on primary sources (the Sarum Missal, the 1549 *Book of Common Prayer*, and the writings of the leading Protestant Reformers), Michael Davies traces the steps by which the ancient Catholic Mass became the Lord's Supper in the Church of England. And these steps *were* changes—as popes and Reformers alike were at pains to stress. Thomas Cranmer Archbishop of Canterbury under Henry VIII and Edward VI and architect of the new liturgy, was a master of the theology of the Mass, and hated it.

Ironically, this book may have another effect, far different from the author's intention. It can provide powerful arguments for Anglicans and Roman Catholics working for the reunion of their Churches—since the Anglican liturgy as here depicted can be made compatible with the New Mass.

### A Hint of the Valuable Quotations in These Pages

- "It is difficult for anyone without a knowledge of anthropology to appreciate fully the astonishing audacity, the profound disturbance to the unconscious levels upon which society lives its life, of such an action as the substitution of an English liturgy for the age-long Latin rite of Western Christendom in which Englishmen had been swaddled time out of mind . . . nothing can detract from the revolutionary audacity of such an interference with the customary, the subconscious, the ritual element in life."
  —A. L. Rowse, *The England of Elizabeth*
- "Liturgies are not made, they grow in the devotion of centuries."— Owen Chadwick, *The Reformation*
- "History has proved a thousand times that there is nothing more dangerous for a religion, nothing is more likely to result in discontent, incertitude, division and apostasy, than interference with the liturgy and consequently with religious sensibility."
  —Professor Johannes Wagner, Director of the Liturgical Institute of Treves

VOLUME II

## POPE JOHN'S COUNCIL

This monumental work on Vatican II is the definitive critique by a traditional Catholic. Drawing on the spectrum of available literature—conciliar documents as well as scholarly and popular works—Michael Davies demonstrates why the Council was an epochal victory for the liberals, and why those conservatives who defend it are playing the enemy's game. With overwhelming documentation, he portrays the Council in its twofold dimension. He shows some conciliar documents to be gravely flawed for their ambiguity, for their puffery, above all for what they omit. But he also repairs a gap in conventional conservative analysis by weighing the Council as an event, as a symbol. In dispute after dispute, he takes us behind the scenes to reveal how the liberals won the day . . . and how they went on to cement their victory, often with the help of Pope Paul VI.

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Rumanians. I submit they are Armenians. (You could ask an Armenian for his opinion.)

2. I remember no "legendary Soviet athlete" named Bruner. The high jump world record belonged for a while to a Valery Brumel of the USSR.

*Princeton, N.J.* D. FĂRCAŞIU

### Dispelling His Thunder

In an otherwise astute evaluation of the English sickness [June 24], Ferdinand Mount makes the thundering observation that for 90 per cent of the British people the National Health Service is a "thundering success." This because of the "tolerable standard" of medical care and the lack of financial worries.

Recognizing a common human failing, A. A. Shenfield made an appropriate remark a few years ago about English tolerance. "There are some things in Britain that the people love to tell themselves are the best of their kind in the world . . . [Many people have] propagated the preposterous myth that we have a national health service which is the envy of the world." Another British economist, Professor D. S. Lees, made a more detached assessment of the service. "I firmly believe," he wrote, "that medical care in Britain falls short of what we could have with free choice and competition. How far short I don't know, but it is certainly this side of disaster."

Professor Lees's unbiased appraisal dispels the thunder of Mount's panegyric.

EDWARD PALMER, MD

*Lake Oswego, Ore.*

### On Evolution

Thomas H. Jukes ["Letters," July 8] dislikes my phrase "creationist scientist," "for the words 'creationist' and 'scientist' are mutually exclusive." In other words, any scientist who disagrees with Jukes, is, presto-changeo, a nonscientist!

In his 1976 book *The Creation-Evolution Controversy*, Dr. R. L. Wysong said: "Although it is true that most in academia believe evolution, there is not an insignificant number that hold the opposite position, or have at least rejected evolution. In England there is the Evolution Protest Movement, and the United States has the Bible-Science Association, Institute for Creation Research, and Creation Research Society. These organizations deny evolution and are made up of members numbering in the several thousands. Many have advanced graduate degrees and some hold significant positions in the academic and scientific community."

Jukes decrees to be creationist "fable" the fact that no transitional form has been found between the billions of invertebrate and vertebrate fossils. He says "the record of transition between vertebrates and invertebrates is continuous and complete, and is shown by a new branch of science, molecular evolution." Since Jukes can't cite one fossil in his "continuous" record, he tries to deny a paleontological fact with what he believes is relevant evidence from biochemistry!

The invertebrate-vertebrate gap is typical. A paleontologist has said: "Evolution requires intermediate forms between species and paleontology does not provide them."

*Jersey Shore, Pa.* E. JAY NILSSON

### Catholic Traditionalists

Referring to the article "The Underground Church" by Mary Martínez [Aug. 19]: the Catholic "traditionalists" became that way by listening to the wrong people. If theologians don't respect the Pope's authority as head of the Church, they should be honest and stop calling themselves Catholics, because it is essential that Catholics give their undivided loyalty to the Pope.

JOSEPH P. HIGGINBOTHAM

*Winthrop, Mass.*

If all things were created with sameness, it would be easy to understand why men continue to gear us to sameness. But, praise God! no two, of even the most insignificant growth in nature, are identical. Then why should the form in which we praise God be identical? Surely He must enjoy the diversification, for He created it! The Mass is equally magnificent to Him whether offered in English, German, Polish, Hungarian, or even Latin. Must we continue to get hung up on the words and forget the meaning of Who is being offered?

I do not condone the happening in Paris, for it lacked peace and, above all, papal approval. But it appears God is willing to allow "even this" (the underground church) if, ultimately, it means bringing more souls to Him.

*Seminole, Fla.* DONNA GANCI


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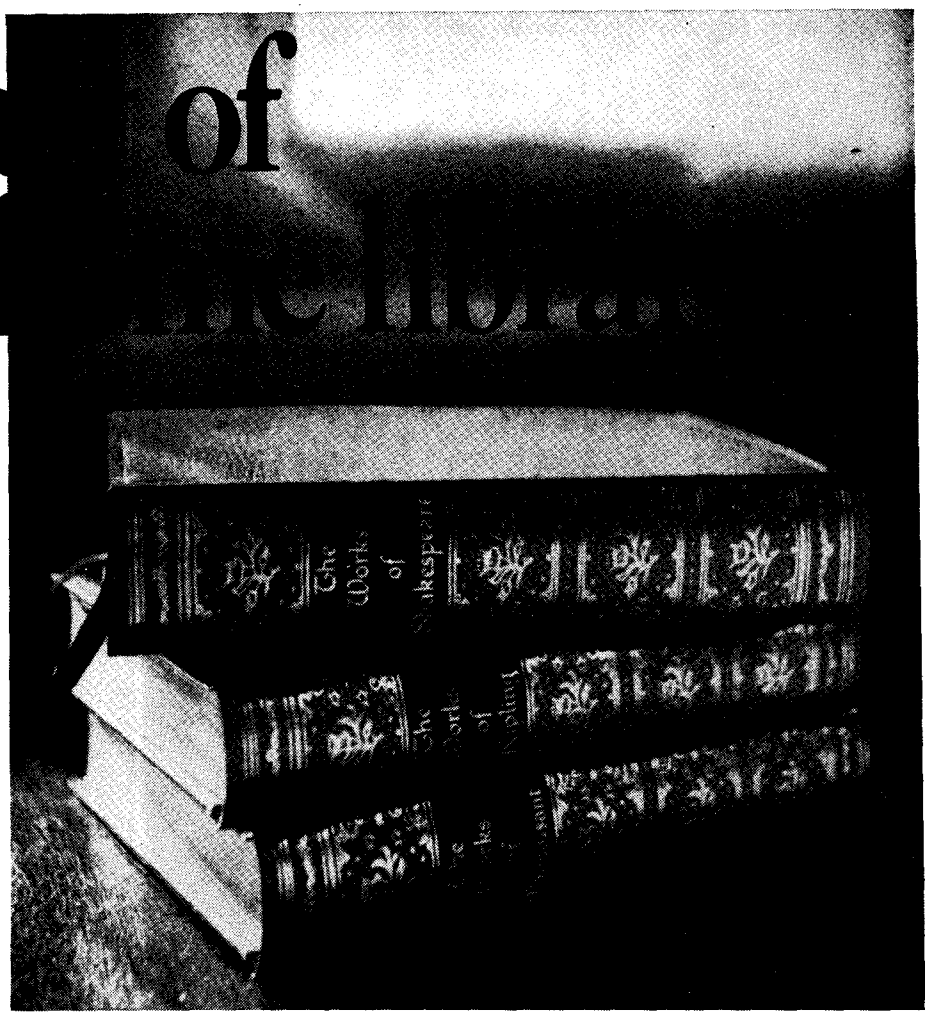

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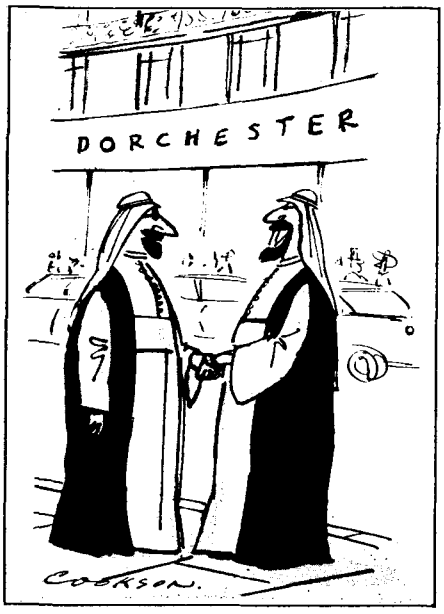
# FOR THE RECORD

■ The **GOP** is at its lowest ebb in forty years. According to a summer **Gallup Poll**, only one out of every five Americans considers himself Republican; 49 per cent call themselves Democrats, the highest Democratic total since 1965. . . . The least slippage in Republican support was registered among farmers; and unpopular **Carter** farm policies have led **Tom Wicker** and the *Christian Science Monitor* to predict a forty-seat GOP gain in the House in '78; **Kevin Phillips** demurs. . . . Surveying Republican decadence, conservative organizations under the direction of **Richard Viguerie** are shifting to bipartisanship. Ex-GOP Deputy Chairman **Eddie Mahe** rates "the Viguerie network" as the fourth most potent American political institution, behind Labor, the Democrats, and the Emerging Republican Minority. . . . Sen. **Barry Goldwater** has warned that if Carter dissolves the Taiwan defense treaty without congressional approval he will be liable for impeachment. . . . Canal notes: Sen. **Adlai Stevenson**'s mail is running 5,600 against the treaty, five pro. Things are going a little better in St. Louis, where a *Globe-Democrat* poll found 2,289 against and 29 for.

■ Thousands of leftists from Germany, Italy, the Scandinavia joined native French demonstrators at Creys-Malville to protest the **Super Phénix fast-breeder reactor**; one was killed in the ensuing tumult. . . . In energy-related action back home, the Justice Department announces it has found no evidence that New Hampshire Gov. **Meldrim Thomson** has misused federal funds. Thomson, who supports the Seabrook nuclear power plant, had been accused of doing so by a former energy office worker. . . . Meanwhile in California, **Jerry Brown**, recently converted to the virtues of technology, held a Space Day. When asked how this accorded with previous gestures (Whale Day, for instance), Brown replied: "I think there's a certain evolution in one's program." . . . Republicans gearing up to seize Brown's seat next year, among them San Diego mayor **Pete Wilson**, Attorney General **Evelle Younger**, and Los Angeles police chief **Ed Davis**. . . . **Bella Abzug**, having enthusiastically endorsed a $5-million budget for International Women's Year, wants $3 million more to continue activities, which have included lobbying for ERA. Sen. **Jesse Helms** is unconvinced, and has launched an ad hoc investigation into IWY's affairs.




Cookson, *Punch* Rothco

**"Dinner at eight, then. My hotel or yours?"**

■ Quebec's independence referendum is coming up, and **René Levesque**'s Parti Québécois is doing everything it can to stack the deck against federation. Corporations, voluntary associations and non-Québécois may not make campaign contributions, despite which polls show pro-federation majorities of as much as 5 to 1. . . . CIA turncoat **Philip Agee** has been expelled from France as an "undesirable" whose presence was liable to harm relations with "certain friendly countries." . . . The *Northern Echo*, England's largest provincial morning daily, was brought to a halt when printers and journalists struck for a closed shop. Strikers scorned the notion that they were restricting freedom of speech; but **Richard Storey**, chairman of Portsmouth and Sunderland Newspapers, declared: "It is not desirable for press freedom to depend on 51 per cent of those . . . attending the annual delegate meeting."

■ Recent **Cambodian** border incidents may be an effort on the part of the government to distract from internal problems. Thai military sources reveal there was an attempted coup in April. . . . Soviets wondering a) how they managed to end up supporting both sides of the current **Ethiopia-Somalia** war and b) how they can get out of it. **Brezhnev**, and numerous Communist Parties, have issued calls for "good neighborliness" and "anti-imperialist solidarity." . . . **Rudolph Bahro** is an economist and political scientist whose recently released book attacks the East German system as a "deadening bureaucracy." Mr. Bahro was arrested on August 23 on "suspicion of secret service activity." . . . The latest edition of *Jane's Fighting Ships*, while praising the all-volunteer personnel of the U.S. Navy, calls the **Russian fleet** "powerful and well-knit," with "capabilities increasing month by month."

■ A pornography shop in Camden, N.J., was found guilty on 135 counts of violating the state **weights and measures act**, by selling films shorter than their advertised length.



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Energy for a strong America

# Burning high sulfur coal cleanly: it's a hot subject at Exxon.

The fiery column next to Exxon research engineer Rene Bertrand holds the kind of coal that could add pollution to the air we breathe. But the coal here is being burned in a new, cleaner way called "fluidized bed combustion." In this process, crushed coal is burned in a bed of limestone granules while a stream of air is injected into the mixture. The air causes the powdered solids to behave like fluids so they can be moved through the process. Most of the sulfur gases that are released as the coal is burned react with the limestone and do not escape into the atmosphere. Later the sulfur can be recovered for use as a chemical raw material.

Exxon's research affiliate built and is operating a pilot plant for the U.S. Government to demonstrate the fluidized bed combustion process. Exxon is one of several firms involved in a national program aimed at developing this cleaner way to burn high sulfur coal.

We expect the process will someday help electric utilities and industrial firms make greater use of America's huge reserves of high sulfur coal.

Exxon pioneered the development of fluidized bed technology for refining gasoline and other fuels. Applying it in this new way to help satisfy our nation's energy needs is a good example of how experience in one form of energy can pay off in another.

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# THE WEEK

■ "Peking is . . . openly pursuing a policy of teaming up with imperialism and reaction for the implementation of its great-power schemes" (TASS). One should take advantage of "every opportunity of gaining a mass ally even though this ally be temporary . . . and conditional" (Hua Kuo-feng, quoting Lenin). "I wish I knew a lot more about Chinese history" (Cyrus Vance).

■ If only New York's Mayor Beame were a masochist, he would love the summer of '77. In mid-July there was The Blackout, quickly followed by The Looting. August's calamity came toward the end of the month with the release of The Report—by the Securities and Exchange Commission—that accused Mayor Beame, City Comptroller Harrison Goldin, and various branches of New York City's financial community of "deceptive practices masking the City's true and disastrous financial condition" to help sell City securities. While Comptroller Goldin, who is running for re-election unopposed in New York's September 8 primary, reacted almost stoically, Mayor Beame, who faces six opponents, fulminated against the SEC "hatchet job." Explaining why he didn't give New Yorkers an accurate picture of the City's bleak financial status, Beame, speaking like a true statesman of the Seventies, said: "No mayor can be expected to speak to his people in the language of an investment prospectus. The City must assure the well-being of its citizens and provide for the future. To turn off this spigot of hope is just as devastating to them as the denial of credit." When New York Democrats vote September 8, the prediction is now that they will decide to give somebody else a turn at the spigot.

■ Owing to the diligence of Evans and Novak, President Carter has given Defense Secretary Brown a national strategy directive that will offend no one. In an earlier version, prepared by Carter's National Security Council and unearthed by Evans and Novak, the directive conceded a large slice of Western Europe to the Soviets in the event of a Soviet attack, a concession that stunned Washington almost as much as it did Western Europe. The ensuing hullabaloo prompted Carter advisors to modify their report. As it now stands, the directive is crafted so as not to ruffle hawk or dove. It does not concede a large part of Western Europe to the Soviet Union, and it calls for a modest increase—3 per cent each year—in military spending. President Carter should not have much trouble getting this increase past congressional doves. All he will have to do is remind them that the Soviets now exceed the U.S. in weapons procurement by 114 per cent.

■ Professor Arthur Schlesinger Jr., the Democratic Party's historian laureate, is the latest volunteer to join the American Committee to Welcome Eurocommunism (ACWE). In a feature article written for the *Wall Street Journal* (Aug. 25), Schlesinger scolds Henry Kissinger for his unfriendly attitude toward the reborn leaders of the French, Italian, and Spanish Communist Parties and his warning about the dangerous consequences if they enter West European governments. Schlesinger is as cheerful now about Eurocommunism as he was in his early White House days about the Bay of Pigs operation, before it took place. "Let us not panic," he reassures us. "The rise of Eurocommunism," he explains with a dialectical verve that Engels might have envied, "demonstrates the vitality of the democratic idea. . . . What Mr. Kissinger sees as a world-shaking gain for the Soviet Union, the Soviet Union itself sees," Schlesinger is able to report from his special sources, "as a frightful menace." With the date of the French general election now only six months away, ACWE is evidently speeding up its effort to prepare us to celebrate the victory of Communist Georges Marchais and Socialist François Mitterrand.

■ After having been cross at President Carter ever since spring, Leonid Brezhnev began snuggling up last month. He chose, somewhat to the surprise of his audience, the Kremlin's official dinner for Marshal Tito to let the President know that he would be given another chance to get back into the Politburo's good graces. It seems to have been Mr. Carter's conciliatory speech July 21 at Charleston, S.C., in which he called for long-term accommodation between Washington and Moscow, that softened Mr. Brezhnev's mood. "Compared with the previous moves by the U.S. Administration," he declared generously, "these statements sound positive. Well, if there is a wish to translate them into the language of practical deeds, we will willingly look for mutually acceptable solutions." Brezhnev's bonhomie expanded when Carter promptly answered his confidential call for

## Minor Mores

Each morning on the bus I ride
A liberal I can't abide
Says "Hi" before he drops his chit—
If there's a black man driving it.
However, if the driver's white,
He treats him as he would a blight,
With nary any morning word;
As if, in fact, he were a turd.
It's recognizing brotherhood
That makes a liberal feel good.

W. H. VON DREELE



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# Join The Union... Or Else.

Sammy Kirkland spends most of his time these days on a hog farm, away from his home in Ft. Myers, Fla. He doesn't answer his mail or the telephone.

He's kept a low profile ever since that terrifying day in May 1971 when a union mob nearly killed him on an excavation job, breaking three of his ribs, putting steel shavings in his eyes and threatening to cut off his arms.

Why were they out to get him? Because he refused to join a local union. Sammy Kirkland's life has been altered, forever, because he refused to abandon his right to work to union goons.

Other lives have been changed too. Four of the union agents responsible for the vicious attack were given five-year jail sentences. Kirkland also filed a damage suit against the local and international unions.

In early 1976, union officials agreed to a $165,000 out-of-court settlement, one of the largest ever obtained in a union violence case. But as Kirkland's attorney provided by the National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation said, "No amount of money can compensate him for the damage that's been done."

Sammy Kirkland's case, shocking as it is, is not an isolated one. Herbert McGruther of Lake City, Fla., was fired from his construction job in 1975 because he refused to join another local of the same union.

McGruther was subjected to a different kind of intimidation. A union agent prominently displayed a large pistol in his belt while demanding that McGruther pay a union initiation fee and dues.

McGruther, with the support of the National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation, has filed suit, charging the union with violating his rights and asking for punitive damages.

Sammy Kirkland and Herbert McGruther were fortunate. They found help. But how many other Kirklands and McGruthers in America need similar help?

The National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation is a publicly supported charitable institution that provides free legal aid to employees whose rights have been violated because of compulsory unionism. The Foundation is currently assisting workers in more than 50 cases across the country.

If you want to help Herbert McGruther, and all the other McGruthers and Kirklands in our society, we'd like to hear from you.

For more information on how you can help workers like Sammy Kirkland and Herbert McGruther, write:

The National Right to Work
Legal Defense Foundation
Suite 610
8316 Arlington Boulevard
Fairfax, Virginia
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## LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

All is not peaches and cream within the Washington health establishment, where bureaucrats are being driven bananas by apricot pits, and if people's hopes—and perhaps lives—weren't involved, the federal flip-flops on the laetrile issue would be downright hilarious.

When the flap first blew into a page-one story, along about the same time the FDA decided to confiscate our Frescas, the official line was that laetrile was absolutely worthless, no more effective in the treatment of cancer than cherry stones or apple cores. The uproar did not abate, however, and so a number of confused officials, unaccustomed to having their pronouncements questioned by the uninformed general public, said they would devise a testing program for laetrile. Older, more entrenched officials weren't to be stampeded, however, and so the line quickly changed again. Suddenly there were people like Donald Kennedy, FDA Commissioner, telling us that apricot pits were dangerous to our health and that laetrile would not be tested.

The new line never quite caught on, however, primarily because the scanty evidence used to support it was considerably less substantial than the evidence used by laetrile proponents to support their claims of efficacy. Several people did apparently suffer adverse reactions after taking laetrile. But experts speculate that it probably wasn't the laetrile itself, but rather the conditions prevailing in some less than hygienic murky Mexican factory where it was produced. If so, then, short of an outright ban, the only way to solve the problem would be to subject laetrile to the same regulations governing all American-produced drugs. But if you argue that way, you're talking about laetrile as if it could be treated as a new drug.

Thus, although the safety argument is easier to sell than the efficacy argument, it too can boomerang. So now the Feds are again talking about testing. They aren't surrendering, however. The testing they're now talking about isn't the incredibly tedious process, beginning with animal tests, required for FDA approval of a new drug. Instead, as outlined on *Meet the Press* by Dr. Arthur C. Upton, director of the National Cancer Institute, it will be confined to investigating the cases of those who claim to have been helped by laetrile. And this, laetrile proponents believe, will not be testing at all, but rather a debunking expedition.

The reasons for the federal frenzy are difficult to fathom, and even to begin to do so you'd have to rehearse all those arguments about the relationship between the regulators and the regulated in a semi-free society.

On the same *Meet the Press* program, Dr. Upton suggested that terminal cancer patients be given heroin to ease their suffering. Now this, especially given the juxtaposition, must have boggled the minds of laetrile proponents. On the one hand, the government doesn't want terminal cancer patients to take laetrile because it isn't safe. On the other, here's the director of the National Cancer Institute talking about giving them heroin. Those given heroin would die high. But those treated with laetrile might die happy. And it might even happen that there would be remissions among those treated with laetrile. Either way, the problem would be solved. No remissions mean laetrile is worthless; remissions mean that there is at least something in what its supporters claim. And in the process, the whole cumbersome testing procedure would be circumvented. The ideological, social, and political arguments would be defused.

Such a direct approach would of course be anathema to the bureaucratic mind, for it would mean making an exception, and to make an exception is to touch pitch. But increasingly, with saccharin and then with laetrile, officials buried deep within the bureaucracy have been unable to scuttle out of the range of public scrutiny, and people appear not to like what they're seeing. It's dangerous for public servants to be perceived as arbitrary abridgers of personal freedom. And it's even worse for them when they look silly doing it. A pratfall is a pratfall, whether you slip on a banana peel or trip on an apricot pit.

■ Whoa. We were supposed to be phasing out Fahrenheit. Next June, the National Weather Service had told us, we'd be switching to Celsius. But now the conversion has been canceled and no new target date has been set. We were—everyone in Washington was predicting confidently just a few months back—on the verge of going totally metric; most federal agencies were drawing up plans for the changeover; and a massive "think metric" campaign was being planned. But then came the Federal Highway Administration's decision, in the face of unexpected resistance, to junk its road-sign conversion program. And now, startlingly, here's the U.S. Commissioner of Education calling the whole idea of conversion "regressive."

■ TEE-HEE-HEE. The *Washington Post* reports that Labor Secretary F. Ray Marshall wants to be called just plain Ray. The reason: the "F" stands for Freddie. —CATO

---

a joint ultimatum to South Africa to cancel a rumored nuclear test. The Soviet media were ordered to turn down their anti-Americanism by 17° Celsius. At the Tito dinner, Brezhnev also suggested some of the specific U.S. practical deeds that would make relations even cozier: stopping the silly human rights talk that is just "a smokescreen for another round of the arms race"; keeping the cruise missiles few, slow, and short-range; canceling the neutron bomb project—you know, that sort of thing.

■ The National Lawyers Guild is suing the FBI and other government agencies for damages and harassment back in the Forties and Fifties. Reporting on the suit has been a little vague as to just why the FBI had the Guild under surveillance in the first place. The AP story printed in the *New York Times* (Aug. 24) describes the Guild as "a national organization of lawyers and legal workers that was founded in 1937 to work for civil rights and civil liberties [and which] was attacked as a Communist front in the 'Red scare' era of the 1950s." The *Washington Post* (Aug. 25) calls it "an organization that now handles civil rights and labor law cases [but which] was known for representing leftists in the 1940s and 1950s." In fact, the National Lawyers Guild was a notorious Communist Party front in the postwar years and carried



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## Vance as Tennis Ball

They swatted him to Moscow, where
He blew up over SALT;
They bopped him to Jerusalem
To cries of *Oy, gevalt!*
In August, Jimmy bounced him off
The ancient Chinese wall.
He's never won a set, but he's
A first-class tennis ball.

W. H. VON DREELE

out substantial legal-ideological missions for the Party. It was cited as the legal arm of the Communist Party by the House Committee on Un-American Activities as far back as 1944. In 1953, Attorney General Herbert Brownell Jr. declared that it had become "the Communist Party's mouthpiece" and said that he intended to list it formally as a subversive organization, pursuant to his mandate. To write about the FBI "persecution" of the Guild without mentioning what it was that the Guild was up to at the time is on a par with the picket line the Mafia threw around FBI headquarters in New York to protest the Bureau's bias against Italians in its investigations into organized crime.

■ The National Lawyers Guild and the (Trotskyist) Socialist Workers Party weren't the only civil liberties groups harassed by the FBI. According to Robert Shelton, Imperial Wizard of the United Klans of America, from 1964 to 1972 the FBI waged a campaign of burglary, forgery, wiretapping, and rumor-mongering against the KKK. In retaliation, the Wiz has filed a federal suit against the FBI, Director Clarence Kelley, and the former boss of the Bureau's Birmingham office, seeking a total of $50 million for the damage done to the Klan's good name.

■ Bravo for Johns Hopkins University. Although it stands to lose as much as $700,000 in HEW funds, the University's medical school has refused to obey a government-set quota on American students who have done their pre-med studies abroad. According to a federal law passed last year, financial assistance will not be given to medical schools that accept more than a specified number of foreign-educated Americans who wish to finish their training in this country. Standing fast on their decision, Johns Hopkins officials said the school would not "abdicate to the government the right to select its students, nor for that matter its faculty, its courses of study, or degree requirements."

■ You remember them, the bad old days of protection—fat little Republicans in frock coats and top hats erecting tariff barriers as thick as the Great Wall of China, while John Q. Public stood forlorn in the background, digging into his pockets to pay for it all? Well, now we have Democrats, and some of them wear Levis, but they're behind protection all the same—this time in the form of the Cargo Preference Bill, which would require that 9.5 per cent of all imported oil be carried in American tankers. Projected cost to consumers, $200 million a year, and that's one of the lower estimates. Not surprisingly, the maritime industry has been generous with its campaign contributions; $100,000 went to Carter, and another $100,000 to the incumbents of the House Merchant Marine and Fisheries Committee; Carter backs the bill; the Committee has voted 31 to 5 in favor of it.

■ Less than one year ago the Republic of Transkei was declared a sovereign nation, but many countries withheld formal recognition, on the grounds that Transkei was a product of South Africa apartheid, and that they were skeptical about the chances of its being truly self-governing. Now the Transkei government has issued a statement castigating its parent country for demolishing the homes of thousands of black South Africans and "setting the stage . . . for racial tension." Not a bad show of independence from a tiny country whose ability to rule itself has generally been considered a sham.

■ Among the saddest of objects is the jetsam of a retreated people—runes in Newfoundland, mosques in Cordoba, Roman coins buried along Hadrian's Wall. To these might now be added the instruments placed on the Moon by the Apollo mission for the purpose of collecting data to beam back to earth. Many of these instruments have several years more to run, but, after September 30, their transmissions will fall on deaf electronic ears: NASA has announced that it no longer has the funds to pay for monitoring them. *Veni, vidi, vici—discessi.*

■ John Gardner, founder of Common Cause and strongly in the running as one of the most pompous men in America, has now put in his bid as one of the most perceptive men in America. After nine years as a trustee of the Rockefeller Brothers Fund—the huge charitable fund set up and financed by the five Rockefeller brothers—Gardner has noticed that the four surviving Rockefeller brothers have been channeling the fund's money into cultural institutions they care about. Citing "the special status" of the Rockefeller brothers as the cause of his disillusion, Gardner has tendered his resignation.

■ THE MAN WHO WOULD BE PRESIDENT. From a report (*Washington Post*) on the recent visit to Cuba by Senator Frank Church: "I've never met with any chief of state who had such an obvious interest in Idaho." Fidel *dreams* of Idaho. Well, some of us dream of Cuba.

■ In a ruthless display of legislative hubris, the Colorado legislature fused the Board of Barber Examiners and the Board of Cosmetologists, and axed the Board of Short-



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hand Reporters, the State Athletic Commission, the Board of Registration for Professional Sanitarians, and the Board of Mortuary Science. No more Mr. Nice Guy. The Racing Commission and the Passenger Tramway Safety Board (regulation of ski-lifts) were suffered to continue.

■ Who says the Postal Service isn't making progress in reducing its deficit? On January 3, 1947, Mr. Russell Nye of Los Angeles mailed a Tournament of Roses souvenir postcard to his wife, who was visiting relatives in Milwaukee. The card was postmarked that evening and stamped "postage due 3 cents." On February 16, 1977, the card was received at the Milwaukee post office, stamped "postage due 3 cents" a second and third time, and delivered two days later. The Service collected the three cents from the addressee, Mrs. Nye's brother, but quite graciously waived the thirty years' interest on the charge.

■ The General Services Administration, in an effort to save gas, has instructed federal drivers not to idle cars for more than one minute. Thanks, but we'd rather keep the politicians idling: look what it costs to put them in gear.

■ Professor Edward McGehee hadn't bargained on a smart-aleck judge when he, with 22 other protestors, was busted for trespassing on the site of the 1970 Kent State shootings, where construction of a new gymnasium is slated. Giving teacher a lesson, Judge James De Vinne sentenced the professor, on pain of imprisonment, to write a 1,500-word essay. The theme: civil disobedience. If the paper isn't good enough, it may be bread and water for McGehee until he gets it right.

# Treaties Can't Shoot

If the President ever really supposed he could whip the new Panama treaties through the Senate on the double, he undoubtedly knows better by now. The public debate and the Senate ratification process are going to go on for many a moon. He, and we, will be lucky if things are finished, one way or another, by next summer. And this unhurried pace is as it should be. There's no need to rush in disposing of this treaty package that has taken 14 years of fussing under four Presidents of both parties to assemble. Complicated, difficult, and, in some measure, passionate questions are at issue. It is surely desirable that there should be an ample venting both of the facts bearing on the Canal's current and future role and of the divergent views about how these facts should be dealt with. It is at least possible that through the prolonged and no doubt wearisome discussion ahead, the deliberate sense of the citizenry—expressed, as the Founders hoped, in our constitutional institutions of government—will reach at least a reasonably wider consensus on the Panama issue than exists at present.

Since *NR* intends to be an active participant in the extended debate, we will not try to say everything at once, or even anything conclusive at this point. Elsewhere, editors Buckley and Burnham report some of their thoughts on Panama, and here we limit ourselves to a comment on what treaties can and cannot do.

A treaty is the formal expression of a "meeting of minds" (as lawyers say) between sovereign nations. It does not usually represent what either (or any) party to the treaty most wants, but rather a compromise on what they are finally willing, or compelled, to settle for. Since, as sovereigns, the parties do not in a crunch recognize the binding authority of any other institution, treaties, in the last analysis, bind only so long as the minds continue to meet. If one party decides that its basic national security or interest cannot be protected under the clauses of the treaty, then it will disregard the treaty, in fact if not formally.

Treaties can't shoot. If the Canal is threatened, that threat won't be ended by reading the text of a treaty over global TV. Protection will have to come from the ability and will of the signatories to keep the Canal secure and open, or of one party if the common will is lacking. In the case of the Canal treaties—the old one or the two new ones—this means specifically the United States if the threat is serious. There are no words that could be included in the new treaties (or that are present in the old treaty) that can guarantee the security of the Canal, nor does it make any significant difference whether Panama's sovereignty over the Canal is or is not affirmed. The Canal's security has always depended and will continue to depend on the ability and willingness of the United States to meet any threat that may arise. If the United States loses either the ability or the will, then the Canal is and will be vulnerable no matter what treaties, old or new, are formally on deck.

A realization of this underlying and decisive truth might serve to keep bitterness out of the debate now launched. Naturally we want the best treaties possible. But the fate of the Canal, though it may be modified in some respects, is not going to be decided by the Senate's vote.

# Political Priorities

As the President's energy package moved through the House, its ultimate effects became clearer. One effect is to generate windfall taxes for the government by levying tariffs on domestic oil and gas. The proceeds can then be used to build an energy bureaucracy that costs more than Saudi Arabian oil, and to dispense favors to supporters through tax and welfare "reform."

The second effect will be to redistribute wealth from the South and West to the Northeast and Midwest. Industry is to be required to use scrubbers with *either* high-



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or low-sulphur coal, so that high-sulphur coal from the East will be a better buy than low-sulphur coal from the West. Those who invested in increasing natural gas supplies in unregulated Southern intrastate markets are to have their investments partially expropriated in order that a fortunate few Northerners with access to controlled interstate gas can obtain it at bargain rates. Lacking a viable alternative to the automobile, remote Southern farms and sprawling Western cities are to bear a disproportionate share of the selective austerity, while affluent Northern suburbanites can continue to commute on subsidized trains.

The third effect of the House energy bill will be to push buyers of new cars into progressively smaller vehicles so that owners of older large cars can sell them at a higher price. Established affluence is further protected by the fact that mammoth recreational vehicles will be exempt from the gas-guzzler tax, and Oldsmobile or Mercedes diesels would be exempt from any added gasoline tax that may emerge from the Senate.

The fourth effect will be to penalize some forms of energy use so that others will get larger shares of price-controlled domestic oil and gas. New industries will be prohibited from using gas or oil as boiler fuel so that established industries can get more. Producers of insulation are to see their existing shortages and price increases sped up by government tax breaks. Certain businesses will be taxed for using oil and gas, but not commercial buildings, farmers, and those using oil or gas as a feed stock (such as plastic), or for flame in processing things like cloth and brick. Because of this political favoritism, consumers will not face the true price of energy used in cooling shopping malls, or in producing plastic bags and synthetic fabrics. Energy will thus be diverted into uses that consumers would value less highly if energy costs were the same for all. Since exceptions to the taxes and bans will be granted on a case-by-case basis, the opportunity for corruption is enormous.

Congress actually seems to believe that its mission is to impose additional hardships on top of those already imposed by OPEC governments. What cannot plausibly be maintained, however, is that the blatant favoritism of the energy bill is in any sense an "equal sacrifice."

Norris, *Vancouver Sun* Rothco

**"'Bye dear . . . have a nice day. Be imaginative, productive, and efficient, and foster aggressive confidence in the Canadian economy."**

# Conservative Sensationalism

The smug authority of the Eastern Establishment media is contagious, and William Safire (the *New York Times*' token conservative) has shown signs of infection in discussing the financial affairs of Budget Director Bert Lance.

The essence of the story is that Lance borrowed $2.7 million from a New York bank to buy 200,000 shares of the National Bank of Georgia at $17 a share ($3.4 million). In January, he refinanced the full $3.4 million with the First National Bank of Chicago. The price of the Georgia bank's stock subsequently fell to around $12 to $13, so that this loan liability now exceeds the asset value of the stock.

If compelled to sell his shares in Georgia National at the recent depressed price—to avoid some vague "conflict of interest"—Lance would have lost well over a million dollars for the privilege of being a public servant. Yet Safire concludes that Lance has "used his public job to line his pockets." He supports this conclusion by the sort of Jack Anderson innuendos that Safire himself would be the first to object to in a different context.

First, Safire somehow knows that Lance's bank stock fell not because of the prospect of a forced sale of 200,000 shares, but because Lance "tolerated" questionable loans at Georgia National (hardly a unique situation in banking today). Moreover, Safire figures that First Chicago lenders "should have known" that the price of Lance's stock would fall. With this sort of knowledge, *Safire* should be trading stocks or making bank loans. But if the price of the stock fell because of fundamental weakness in Georgia National's earnings outlook, then it wouldn't do Lance any good to postpone the sale of his stock (although such postponement is precisely what Safire objects to).

"One source who had been close to the financing," writes Safire, "passes the word that the [First Chicago] loan . . . is so favorable that it defers interest payments." Haven't we had enough of words passed by unnamed sources? The *Wall Street Journal*, citing Lance's trustee, says the interest on Lance's loan was three-fourths of 1 per cent higher than the prime—not a particularly favorable rate for a wealthy executive.

Finally, there is the charge that Lance got his $3.4-million loan because Georgia National deposited $200,-



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000 in First Chicago. Actually, the deposit was $50,000 at the time, but even a $200,000 deposit is not a very good reason for granting a $3.4-million loan. The implication that Lance would be a bad credit risk if it were not for his position as a bank director and political figure is inconsistent with the public information that his assets still exceed his liabilities by at least $1.6 million.

Evidence of a conflict of interest seems equally farfetched. A budget director has no direct authority over bank regulation, so the charge of improper use of influence has been confined to the fact that Lance introduced Treasury Secretary Blumenthal to a Tennessee banker who holds a relatively small Lance loan. Unless we are to believe that the Treasury Secretary bends policies to favor those who have shaken his hand, this is mighty thin evidence of corruption.

The larger question is whether or not Lance's financial dealings reflect poorly on his managerial competence. Can a man who has such trouble with his own budgetary and financial affairs be qualified to manage the nation's budget or monetary policies? The problem here is certainly not that Lance is wealthy, since business success is a measure of ability, but that his wealth does seem to have been built more upon personality and risk than upon prudent judgment.

The journalistic impulse to describe every issue in terms of personal goodness or evil finds fault with Lance for borrowing money, but lets him totally off the hook for his incredibly misinformed effort to jawbone interest rates down (which is not his responsibility) in the face of a massive Treasury deficit (which is). The nation would be better served if the press were less petty about the private financial affairs of public officials and more critical of their public statements and actions.

# No Dealee

For four days, Secretary of State Cyrus Vance was the guest of the rulers of Communist China. Dancers danced, jugglers juggled, diplomats talked. The American press corps speculated busily on Teng Hsiao-ping's height, on the quality of the food, on who was or was not present at this or that discussion. After all was done, Vance called the sessions "candid and serious," the Chinese called them "useful and serious"—both diplomatic code for "nothing much happened." But behind the theatrical non-events and the apparent lack of progress lay several important issues.

What China wanted was: 1) technological assistance (accordingly, several of the guests at the first dinner were scientists); 2) assurances of continued anti-Soviet sentiment; and 3) American withdrawal from Taiwan.

What Vance wanted was: 1) normalized relations; and, should that require capitulating to the Communists over Taiwan, 2) some way of doing so without further alarming the already-excited Right (thus all the talk about not "abrogating" the U.S.-Taiwan defense treaty, but simply allowing it to "lapse").

It will immediately be seen how much more concrete the goals of the Chinese were. Their economy is Neanderthal and their military position is deteriorating; and so long as Taiwan remains free, it stands as an embarrassing testimony to both facts. American policy, by contrast, has a curiously epiphenomenal ring to it. Our goal is not "improved" relations, but "normalized" ones; it seems to us more important that we have an ambassador in Peking than that he be likely to do us any good by being there.

Put it the other way around: if, as Carter enthused on Vance's return, China "is a country of central importance in the world," then certainly the United States is at least as important; and if America, for that reason alone, attached "very high significance to the trip," then surely the Chinese ought to have done the same. Yet the Chinese did not. The talks were muted, low-key, and generally swallowed up in the hoopla following the 11th National Party Congress. The Chinese, in short, gave them no more weight than befitted the national interests involved. Next time the President decides to send an emissary to the Palace of Heavenly Peace, he might consider doing the same.

## Decline and Fall

Samarkand, which Alexander
  Fortified while passing through,
Yielded to a Russian digger
  Flotsam from his derring-do.
Shadows of a fort and temple
  Etch this ancient rendezvous,
Making melancholy note that
  Spengler knew a thing or two.

W. H. VON DREELE

# Storm Warnings

Although most of the economic indicators looked pretty healthy last spring, now in late summer economists are talking about the possibility of an incipient decline that could lead to a serious downturn in the economies of the Western nations. One of the conditions that most worries them is the discomfitingly low level of capital spending on long-lived capital assets and productive facilities.

According to a story in *Newsweek*, Alan Greenspan, who served as chairman of the Council of Economic Advisors under President Ford, has singled out two chief factors responsible for this state of affairs: a) the vast



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sums of money that industry is being forced to expend upon such nonproductive environmental controls as scrubbers and the equipment necessary to convert oil-burning furnaces to coal-burning ones, and b) grave uncertainty about the future of the economic climate over the next few years, during which continuing inflation and other inhospitable trends could make a factory built in 1978 unprofitable to operate by, say, 1984. Jerry Jordan, chief economist of the Pittsburgh National Bank, is concerned that the decline in long-term productive construction will have the same result here as in Britain, whose outmoded factories have for years been unable to compete effectively with the more modern and streamlined plants built by foreign companies. In fact, Jordan believes that the U.S. steel industry is already succumbing to this fate.

Carter's own CEA chairman, Charles L. Schultze, admits that there is some truth to Greenspan's and Jordan's assessments, but he insists that the President's tax-reform proposal will be designed to increase investment in capital production. If it is to offset the malign effects that the Administration's energy legislation is certain to have on American industrial production, however, the tax-reform bill will have to be more favorable to business than any such legislation since the Gilded Age.

## Waiving the Rules

The International Olympic Committee (IOC), the Olympic movement's supreme authority and sole owner of the Olympic Games, takes pride in its private status and absolute independence from governments—be they democratically elected, authoritarian, or totalitarian. Membership in the IOC is an exclusive affair, as new members are appointed only upon recommendation from established members and after pledging solemnly to keep themselves free "from all political, sectarian, or commercial influence." Obviously, no citizen of a Communist/socialist state could dare to commit himself to such revisionist individualism, so it is only reasonable to expect that the IOC must be satisfied to exist without members from Eastern Bloc countries. How come, then, comrades Konstantin Andrianov (Soviet Union), Vladimir Stoytchev (Bulgaria), Alexandru Siperco (Rumania), Wlodzimierz Reczek (Poland), Frantisek Kroutil (Czechoslovakia), Heinz Schoebel (East Germany), Manuel Gonzalez Guerra (Cuba), and Vitaly Smirnov (Soviet Union) happen to be full-fledged members "in good standing"? Well, you must understand that the IOC doesn't wish to be too exclusive. Without membership from those Communist/socialist states the Olympic movement could not possibly be "the greatest social force in the world" (Avery Brundage). Official rumor has it that none of the IOC members from totalitarian countries was asked to tender the pledge obligatory for everybody else. The IOC, see, is no stranger to compromise.

Avery Brundage, the IOC's president from 1952 to 1972, was fond of regretting that, "unfortunately, there are large sections of the world today where the form of government precludes full independence of its citizens," and it was Brundage who confessed that the IOC had "deliberately waived the requirement" of the membership pledge in "some instances." There was the IOC's determination, though, that "there must never be more than 10 per cent or 15 per cent of the members who lack independence" (Avery Brundage, 1969).

Remembering Brundage—and a tiny bit weary of Comrade Andrianov's attempts at turning the IOC into a branch of UNESCO—the International Olympic Committee at its June meeting in Prague turned down recommendations for membership from various Eastern Bloc countries, the People's Democratic Republic of Korea included. Instead, the IOC decided to boost its membership to 86 by accepting into its exclusive ranks citizens from the flourishing democracies in Mali (Lamine Keita), Mongolia (Shagdarjav Magvan), and Libya (Basheer Mohammed Attarabulsi).

It is not known whether these new members have been asked to give the pledge of independence. In any case, they are all presidents of their respective National Olympic Committees and as such are fully accountable to their governments. In Mali, all powers lie with the Revolutionary Military Council, in Mongolia with the Communist Party, and in Libya with Colonel Qaddafi alone. It's good to know that all these powers now have a hand in the International Olympic Committee's affairs. Solid allies of the Kremlin, all of them, they will see to it that nothing embarrassing happens on the Olympics' road to Moscow '80.

## Unwelcome Good News

When President Pinochet of Chile announced the dissolution of DINA, the Chilean secret police, you would think the news would have been highly welcome. After all, DINA does not exactly enjoy the same sort of image as the Canadian Mounted Police. Well, it didn't quite work out that way. The *Christian Science Monitor* played it straight:

"By disbanding DINA . . . Chile has taken a positive step toward reducing tension within the country. It is also a welcome gesture toward improved relations with the United States. . . . Abolition of DINA is one more sign that Chile is moving in the direction of greater normality and away from the rigid government stance that sanctioned an agency which has been accused of using murder, torture, and imprisonment against the regime's political opponents."



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The *New York Times* adopted a grudging tone: "President Carter's human rights campaign and the hints of American economic pressure to back it up appear to be getting some results in Chile, one of the most repressive countries in Latin America. . . . Under the Pinochet political program, Chileans will not elect their own legislature until 1985. But at least the principle seems to have been conceded, and it is conceivable that further pressure, both from outside and inside Chile, will speed up the timetable for returning power to the Chilean people."

But the *Washington Post* conceded nothing to the Beast of Santiago: "One could conclude merely that General Pinochet ran out of victims. . . . [But] we suspect that the regime is experimenting with a form of rule that relies less on Stalin-style intimidation than on Brezhnev-style manipulation of police, propaganda, economic, and other levers. . . . A regime as bloody as General Pinochet's can never be forgiven. . . . Given the United States' part in contributing to the establishment of the Pinochet regime, the American responsibility for helping to undo the damage remains large. Chile is still in a state of siege." Pinochet, apparently, can do no right in the eyes of the ideologues, and if Orlando Letelier had not been blown up last year you could assume that he was writing editorials on Chile for the *Washington Post*.

## It's Passing Strange

The item appeared fleetingly in the people department of the advertising page of the business section of the July 21 *New York Times*, to wit: "Warren Wolfe named vice president and associate publisher of *The Trib*, a proposed New York newspaper." Which was passing strange since Warren Wolfe, one felt, might have struck a responsive chord in the editorial sanctums of the *Times*. Warren Wolfe . . . Warren Wolfe. Name seems familiar. Wasn't he the fellow? Of course, now we remember, Warren Wolfe worked for the *Times*—for 26 years. As a matter of fact he was quite important there. As Advertising Director from 1973 to 1975 he headed a staff of 340, and brought in $195 million in sales revenue. Not, one would think, the kind of fellow one would forget about unless . . . unless one wanted to forget about new competition in town, like *The Trib*. To be sure, readers of the *Times* are unlikely to know anything about Len Saffir's *The Trib*, which is scheduled to hit the streets later on this year, because the only mention of it in the *Times*, to date (late August) is the tiny item quoted above.

Perhaps the *Times* reasons that *The Trib* isn't news because it probably will not materialize, as John Sheehan's much-heralded (including by the *Times*) afternooner never did. But *Times* reporters saw with their own eyes the 72-page pilot issue which Saffir presented to the press at a gala cocktail party at Tavern-on-the-Green a month ago, and which impressed the *Wall Street Journal* sufficiently for it to carry a thousand-word story on *The Trib* the following morning. The *New York Daily News* devoted space to the party itself—prominently, in its new and popular "People" page—as did *Newsday* in Long Island, and as did various radio and television networks in the New York area that evening and the following morning. The *Trib* story ran on the UPI and AP "A" wires in this country and Reuters carried it abroad. It has also been mentioned in the *New York Post*, the *Washington Post* (two stories plus one mention), the *L.A. Times*, the *Miami Herald*, *Editor & Publisher*, and *Advertising Age* here, and the *Times* (London), the *International Herald Tribune*, and *Maariv*, Israel's leading newspaper. But not in the good grey you-know-what.

## Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Oh, dear. Much as I hate to arouse your antagonism (see your answer to Dr. Klay, "Notes & Asides," Aug. 19), I'm afraid I just gotta mention one or two things which appear to have slipped your mind. Now, I take your word for the Diabelli Variations, but are you sure it's Sophocles' *Antigone* you're referring to? Because, you see, Antigone, far from hating her brother (whose name, by the way, is Polyneices, with an "e"), actually loved him very much, and spent the body of the play bending her considerable talents to the task of giving him a decent burial, this thing having been denied Polyneices by the Wicked Uncle, King Creon.

Jennifer Dyer
Tulsa, Okla.

Dear Mr. Buckley:

I believe you're mistaken as to the derivation of the word "antagonistic."

"Antagonistic" does not derive from, nor does it share its Greek root with, Antigone. The two words do share the use of the preposition, *anti*, which carries much the same meaning it does in English. But they derive from different basic roots. The progenitor of "antagonistic" is a variation of the verb *agonizomai*, which carries the general sense of "to struggle." Antigone, on the other hand, descends from a noun, *gone* (go-NAY); it means "offspring, relation." In the context of Sophocles' play, the meaning of the word is more specifically "brother."

Hence, Antigone's name verbalizes her struggle "against her brother." The word "antagonistic" conveys only the more general sense of "struggling against."



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The assonance of the words is coincidental, implying no essential etymologic relationship.

I trouble you with this minutia only because I admire your philologic zeal.

With respect,
Douglas C. Clemensen
Minneapolis, Minn.

Dear Mr. Buckley:

At the risk of being charged with sciolism (I make no pretense to any profound learning), I would like to say that, although enjoying immensely your reply to Dr. Andor Klay concerning Beethoven's Diabelli Variations, I believe you erred in relating the English word "antagonistic" to the name Antigone.

As I understand it, the two words have in common only the prefix, the roots being different, and the "anta" of the one and the "Anti" of the other should have alerted you to this possibility. I would say that Antigone derives from the Greek noun *gonos* (omicron), which means, among other things, "kindred" (Antigone opposed her brother), whereas our word "antagonistic" derives from the noun *agon* (omega), meaning "a contest." This is seen clearly in the two Greek verbs *agonizesthai* and *antagonizesthai* (omega in both cases), meaning "to struggle" and "to struggle against" respectively.

My authority for this is the father of Alice (of Wonderland fame), Professor H. G. Liddell. Who is yours?

Sincerely,
Murl J. Manlove
San Antonio, Tex.

Dear Mr. Manlove, et al.: Mine was a put-on, including the bit about the relations between Antigone and her brother. To tell the absolute truth, I was running short of material for N&A, whence the ambush. Thanks for your energetic corrections. Cordially, WFB

**"This is my daughter, Tracy, and her paramour, Gary, and this is my son, Jack, and Carol, his concubine."**

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I want to thank you for your column entitled "ACLU Auction" (July 22), about the Louisiana ACLU's auction of an abortion. It's the first time that our little affiliate has enjoyed national publicity.

Although it's rather early to be soliciting items for our 1978 Adventure Auction, I'm hoping that we can count on you for a donation: an autographed copy of "ACLU Auction." It would be a great item for our catalogue, and might bring almost as much as the abortion itself.

Thank you so much for helping!

Sincerely yours,
Marlene Roeder
Executive Director, ACLU of Louisiana
New Orleans, La.

Sorry. There's no such thing as a free lunch. WFB

For shame, sir:

In your recent column about the New Orleans branch of ACLU & its auction of an abortion, you used the name of Snidely Whiplash in referring to back-alley abortionists.

As one of many devoted followers of the adventures of Mountie Dudley Do-Right & his nemesis, Snidely Whiplash, Canada's most resourceful & unsuccessful villain, I protest this smirch on his foul heart—Snidely would never stoop so low. Your remark was worthy of the ACLU itself.

By the way, now that the ACLU has explained to us all that it is cruel & unusual punishment to execute the Gary Gilmores, but perfectly okay to put any annoying fetus in the trashmasher, why not just eliminate the term "execution" and replace it with "delayed abortion" ("postmature stillbirth")?

Snidely yours,
Frank W. Oglesbee
Metairie, La.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I used to read NATIONAL REVIEW every week. (My boyfriend subscribed.) We broke up last week and now I have to break down and buy my own subscription. I have found that I can live without him but not without *NR*. Please hurry.

Sincerely,
Linda L. Keyser
Zeta Tau Alpha
Indiana University
Bloomington, Ind.

Dear Miss Keyser: We're on our way! Cordially, **—WFB**



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# Panama or Taiwan?

## The Protracted Conflict

JAMES BURNHAM

POLITICAL MAN, Aristotle or no Aristotle, is seldom a rational animal. Confronting a political issue, most of us try to present our point of view with a respectable overlay of rational-sounding rhetoric, but you can still hear the drumbeats throbbing underneath. So we ought not to expect the debate over the new treaty with Panama to be decided by reasoned analysis of relevant evidence.

The rational case must rest on a comparison of the probable consequences of a) acceptance and b) rejection. Rationally, it is irrelevant to argue about how we got control of the Zone in the past or whether we have been a good master there or what the text of the 1903 treaty really means. Those who drew up the old treaty had sense enough to introduce ambiguities at key points in order to give some leeway to future unknowns. But even if our eternal sovereignty were written in gold, our initial entry into the Panama picture prompted by angelic motives, and our 75 years' rule a model of enlightened humanitarianism, this would not prove that our national security and interest would best be served by staying on. Times change, and nations that fail to adapt to the changes go under. Conversely, it might be a rational decision to hang tough in the Zone even if our claim to it were a fraud and our record a disgrace.

### *Nostalgia Politics*

Judging by the probable consequences for our national security and interest, it is time for us to leave. In fact, the weakest feature of the new treaty is its failure to get us out soon enough. As most of us learn, it is wise not to linger over partings: once you've said your goodbyes, get out.

To view the Panama issue clearly, we must adjust our perspective to take account of the fact that in itself the Zone is a relatively minor matter, no longer of any great importance to our security or interest. The feelings many of our citizens have about the Canal are nostalgic; they reflect outmoded ideas of both its strategic and its economic importance. Those ideas date back to an era when 30,000-ton ships were mammoths; when the U.S. was a one-navy country; when fighting moved at the pace of ships, wagons, and legs; when Canal defense meant twenty-mile shore-based guns and naval flotillas hours distant. We live in the age of 300,000-ton tankers and huge aircraft carriers far beyond the Canal's capacity; missiles ready to launch from land, air, water, or underwater; supersonic aircraft; plastic explosives, saboteurs, infiltrators, guerrillas, and demagogues.

Economically, the wrecking of the Canal would be an inconvenience but not a disaster. The Canal's military security has in our day become, in truth, impossible to guarantee. How conceivably could you be wholly secure against a saboteur with an explosive package on a ship transiting a lock, a set of missiles dropping from who could say where, a mob sweeping into the Canal's critical precincts?

Actually, U.S. renunciation of sovereignty may make for a better security outlook. In form, Panama will become (in stages) the master of the Canal, but in substance Panama will find itself also the Canal's slave. The Canal will be Panama's biggest economic enterprise. It will be directly to Panama's own interest that the safety of the Canal should be well guarded and that the Canal should prosper. The Panamanian government will have to take responsibility for protecting the Canal against Panama's own extremists as well as those infiltrating from outside. U.S. rejection of the treaty would have the reverse effect, and would strengthen anti-U.S. sentiment in Panama and elsewhere in Latin America.

The rational analysis that supports ratification can be amplified but will not settle the issue. Analysis apart, many of us have a profound feeling that this proposed renunciation of the Canal not only is uncalled for by the legal and historical record but is one more humiliating capitulation to external pressures. Each successive capitulation (many of us feel) contributes to an impression of weakness, and only whets the appetite of the jackals. We've got to make a stand somewhere sometime, unless we're reconciled to suicide, so why not here and now?

I share this feeling—and maybe it isn't so very irrational at that, all things considered—but I doubt that the Panama issue is the best choice for here and now. The treaty could probably be blocked in the Senate, but the aftermath would probably be bad and might be very bad both for the country and for those responsible for the rejection. The China issue, which is also surfacing here and now, seems to me a superior alternative, both on intrinsic merits and as a counter to the capitulationist mentality. After all, giving in to little Panama is, for a great power, more noblesse oblige than capitulation. For the United States to kowtow to Peking is capitulation undiluted, and would be so seen by every nation big and little.

### *An Honorable Solution*

Speaking for the capitulationists, Senator Kennedy stated frankly what they are after on the Chinese issue: withdrawal of recognition from Taiwan; abrogation of our 1954 defense treaty with Taiwan; recognition of the Peking regime as the sole and legitimate government of both Mainland and Taiwan. The capitulationists advocate, that is to say, abject acceptance of the terms laid down by Peking. These terms mean the unilateral tearing up of a formal, constitutionally ratified treaty, the shameless sellout of an ally, and a major, cumulative strategic setback (cf. David Rowe's report, *NR*, July 22) without any *quid pro quo* proposed or offered by Peking, and, indeed, without any present need to make any major change in our China policy.

A modest proposal: That our leaders try a fling at statesmanship, and reach an understanding by which a damaging struggle over the new Panama treaty would be avoided in return for a pledge against capitulation to Peking. □



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PLUTONIUM-239

*There is a substance, the author explains, that could actually solve the energy crisis. But a group of Americans has, at least for now, blocked its use. Who are they, and how good are their reasons?*

# The Case for the Breeder Reactor

BERNARD L. COHEN

OUR ENERGY CRISIS continues to escalate. The public is begged to conserve energy (55-mph speed limit, less heat in winter, less air conditioning in summer). Oil imports are putting an unprecedented strain on our trade balance. We are threatened with future mass unemployment and a deteriorating standard of living.

But wait! At this point a group of scientists comes forward with an amazing new material. If you drop it in water, the water boils into steam which can be used to produce electricity. An amount that would fit into an average home bathroom would provide the entire U.S. with electric power for a year.

Is it available now? Yes—it's a waste product of an industrial process that is in wide use, and we have a large plant ready to operate which can separate it from the other wastes.

How long will our supply last? If the magic material is mixed with the worthless waste of another industrial process, it regenerates itself even as it is producing electricity. We have enough of the mixing material for hundreds of thousands of years.

How much will it cost to generate electricity from this material? Less than from coal, and much less than from oil.

What about adverse environmental effects? Much smaller than from our other available energy sources; in fact, by substituting it for coal we can save ten thousand lives a year—lives now lost from air pollution and in coal mining—and eliminate $4 billion a year in property damage.

This material sounds like the answer to our prayers. The scientists ask the President for the go-ahead. His reply—*Forget it.*

It seems unbelievable, but the story is true. The magic material is plutonium-239, and it is produced in our nuclear power plants. The material with which it can be mixed to regenerate itself is uranium-238, otherwise worthless and available in large quantities as the waste from the process in which "enriched uranium" fuel is produced for these power plants. If used in this way—in breeder reactors—our uranium supply would last for 100,000 years, and the real cost of electricity would not increase by as much as 1 per cent. The fuel for the breeder reactors would actually be free of charge for the next century, while the waste uranium currently stored up was being consumed; even when we have to go back to mining uranium, some time in the twenty-second century, its energy cost would be equivalent to that of oil priced at 25 gallons for a penny.

So what went wrong? What drove the President to reject plutonium-239? This material that has the power to save us has fallen victim to an insidious campaign of slander and half-truths that has blackened its public image beyond recognition. Let's see how it was done.

One line of attack has been on the toxicity of plutonium. It is frequently called "the most toxic substance known to man." Not so. Botulism toxin, for example, is a thousand times more toxic. A widely read and widely quoted book states that plutonium-239 is "one thousand times more toxic than modern nerve gases." Again not so. Per ounce inhaled, the two are comparably toxic. But plutonium is a solid material; it can be harmful only if inhaled in the form of a very fine dust, and mechanisms are required in order to suspend it in air. Given the choice of being in a room with an open one-pound can of plutonium or of nerve gas, you would be infinitely safer with the former. A favorite statement in newspapers and magazines is that "a single particle of plutonium inhaled into the lung will cause lung cancer." Absolutely false. The largest particle that can get past the body's defense mechanisms and enter the lung is about 5 microns (0.0002 inches) in diameter, and it would take about a million plutonium particles of this size to give a 50 per cent risk of lung cancer.

The principal source of misinformation on these matters is the so-called "hot-particle" theory of plutonium toxicity put out by two professional nuclear critics; I use the word *professional* advisedly, as they gain their livelihood by opposing nuclear power. Their theory, which claims that plutonium is much more dangerous than indicated by all information available in the scientific literature, was investigated and declared invalid or irrelevant by the following groups: an investigating committee of the U.S. National Academy of Sciences; the U.S. National Council on Radiation Protection and Measurements, which is composed of several dozen of our country's most distinguished radiation research scientists; the British Medical Research Council;

*Mr. Cohen, whose most recent book is* Nuclear Science and Society, *is a professor of physics at the University of Pittsburgh.*



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the United Kingdom Radiological Protection Board; the U.S. Nuclear Regulatory Commission; and the late U.S. Atomic Energy Commission. In addition, the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency and the International Commission on Radiation Protection have decided to ignore the hot-particle theory in setting their standards, and no prestigious group anywhere in the world has accepted it.

One of the many reasons for these rejections is that there are 25 men who worked with plutonium in the 1940s (when precautions were much less elaborate than at present) and inhaled millions of plutonium particles into their lungs, enough so that the hot-particle theory predicts each should have had an average of two hundred lung cancers. None of them has had lung cancer.

We often hear that in producing plutonium we will be creating a poison in unprecedented quantities. But if all our electric power were derived from plutonium, we would still be producing hundreds of times fewer lethal doses of it per year than we now produce of chlorine or of other poisonous gases. Burning coal also produces and disperses

*Terrorists would face a formidable set of problems in building a bomb. First they would have to steal the plutonium . . .*

poisonous gases—again, hundreds of times as many lethal doses as in the plutonium used to generate the same amount of power.

Much is made of the fact that plutonium has a very long half-life, so that, once it is released into the environment, it will be around for a very long time. However, my detailed analysis published in the journal *Health Physics* shows that if plutonium were dispersed as a cloud of dust, most of the total eventual damage would be to people who inhaled from this cloud during the first few hours. For a few months after the dust had settled to the ground, it could cause some additional harm if it were stirred up by wind or by human activity, but all the further damage it might do over the tens of thousands of years it would remain in the soil would be comparatively negligible. The comparisons above with chlorine gas and air pollution from coal-burning, which also do their damage over the first few hours after release, are therefore quite realistic.

There is a widespread impression that plutonium is also dangerous if it gets into food; Senator Ribicoff—when it comes to plutonium issues, one of the best-informed men on Capitol Hill—said on the Senate floor: "One thirty-millionth of an ounce . . . will cause cancer if . . . swallowed." Wrong by a million times! Only a tiny fraction of swallowed plutonium gets through the intestine walls into the bloodstream. The same factors that keep plutonium from getting through the intestine walls also hinder its being taken up by roots of plants, which is part of the reason why plutonium in the soil is not very dangerous.

In fact, we have been producing and handling plutonium for over thirty years. Ten thousand pounds of it have been vaporized in the earth's atmosphere in bomb tests, ten million times the total releases expected annually if all our electricity were generated from plutonium. Plutonium is used as an energy source in our space program and in medicine (e.g., in cardiac pacemakers). With all of this, there is no evidence that any human being, anywhere in the world, has ever been injured by plutonium toxicity.

So much for toxicity. Another line of attack is that plutonium can be used as an explosive in bombs. If banning the use of plutonium for producing electricity would rid the world of the curse of nuclear weapons, it might be worth the sacrifice, but that is *not* the issue. Nuclear bombs are known to be in the arsenals of six nations, and it is suspected that they may soon be available to a few others, all without any connection with nuclear power plants. No, what is at stake here is not the elimination of nuclear weapons. Basically there are two issues: 1) terrorists might steal plutonium and use it to make crude bombs, and 2) small nations might divert plutonium from their nuclear energy programs and use it to develop a military nuclear weapons capability.

As to the first of these problems, it is said that once you have plutonium it's very easy to make a nuclear bomb. Then how come it took the Indian, the French, and other national programs thousands of man-years of scientific effort and tens of millions of dollars to develop bombs, even though they were using bomb-grade (not power-plant) plutonium? Of course, it's much easier to make a crude bomb capable of blowing up a large building than the kind of bomb those nations were after. Senator Ribicoff has stated that the former could kill 100,000 people; but his statement is based on the fact that it could destroy the World Trade Center in New York, a building which sometimes contains as many as 100,000 people. The important point is that we are talking about the destruction of a building, not the destruction of a city as is usually assumed when discussing nuclear bombs.

And a terrorist group would face a formidable set of problems in this endeavor. First they would have to steal the plutonium, either from a plant where it is processed or by hijacking a truck carrying it between plants. But plutonium is protected by a very elaborate "safeguard" system. It is handled only by a relatively few authorized people, who must have security clearances. In plants it is kept in closely guarded areas, and everyone leaving such an area must pass through a doorway monitor capable of detecting—even if the plutonium is put in a capsule and swallowed—a quantity 10,000 times less than what is needed for a bomb. The inventory of plutonium is accurately measured and computer-processed, so a theft would be detected very rapidly. The entire plant is heavily protected by armed guards, fences, and electronic surveillance devices. When transported, plutonium is carried in armored trucks with armed guards in radio-telephone communication with a home base. The trucks make no stops between pick-up and delivery points, and the guards have shoot-to-kill orders. The amounts of plutonium involved are not large—our national inventory will never be too large to fit into a good-sized living room—so careful guarding is not difficult. Even critics of our safeguard →



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HOW COME CITY HOSPITAL HAS AN ATOMIC-SCANNING RENOSCOPE AND WE DON'T!
HOW COME MEMORIAL HOSPITAL HAS AN ISOTOPE-TRIGGERED VIRO-CALCULATOR AND WE DON'T!

# Alas, hospitals are only human.

They've got to keep up with the Joneses.

For the hospital board, it must seem a simple logic of survival. Beds are filled by patients. Patients are provided by physicians. Physicians, understandably, are attracted by the latest equipment.

But for us who pay the bills, that logic costs dearly.

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Unnecessary duplication of expensive technology is fueling a rampant inflation.[1] The hospital bill—and the health insurance which pays it—is now one of the fastest-rising costs in our whole economy.[2]

Can we slow it down? Ætna believes so. If doctors were to assign patients to *any* of several hospitals nearby, expensive equipment could be shared. Specialized facilities, staff, even beds would be more efficiently used.[3]

Establishing state commissions to set limits on hospital expenditures could help, too. In Maryland and Connecticut, such commissions have been at work since 1974. They've lopped some big numbers off hospital budgets,[4] without reducing the quality of care.

And Ætna is encouraging local medical societies to monitor doctors' use of hospitals. Was the length of stay appropriate? Was admission necessary in the first place?[5] If all of us involved continue to raise such questions, insurance costs *can* be controlled. Don't underestimate your own influence. Use it, as we are trying to use ours.

# Ætna wants insurance to be affordable.

[1] Consider the cost of the CAT scanner, the latest thing in diagnostic machinery. (The CAT—Computerized Axial Tomograph—takes pictures of cross-sections of the body.) If every one of the 6,000 general hospitals in America bought a CAT, the initial investment alone would cost us all nearly *three billion dollars.*

[2] Ten years ago, health care costs consumed about 6% of the gross national product. Today it is close to 9%. Center stage in this inflationary drama is the hospital bill, which has doubled in the last five years!

[3] This principle could eliminate many wasteful situations. In Philadelphia, for instance, 16 hospitals have open heart surgery programs. But according to a government study, only five used them enough to be considered efficient. Waste applies to much simpler equipment, too, like beds. The government estimates there are at least 100,000 unnecessary hospital beds empty each day, at a cost of $2 billion a year.

[4] As much as $45 million saved in Maryland alone, in 1975.

[5] Most medical societies have a "Professional Standards Review Organization" created for just this kind of review for Medicare and Medicaid patients. Ætna believes the potential savings justify such review of all patients.

Ætna
LIFE & CASUALTY

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program concede that a group attempting a theft would have much less than a 50 per cent chance of escaping alive. In thirty years, there has never even been a theft attempt, and safeguarding techniques are improving rapidly.

The next problem faced by the terrorists would be design and fabrication of a bomb. This requires reasonable expertise in nuclear reactor physics, hydrodynamics, computation techniques, chemistry, electronics, machining, and high-explosive technology, plus some familiarity with health physics and miscellaneous areas of scientific knowledge.

There was a television program about an MIT student who designed a bomb that had a *small* chance of exploding (this latter point was not mentioned), and there was extensive news-media publicity about a Princeton student who received an A grade on a term paper about the *design* of a bomb. In both cases their designs were only on paper, which is by no means the most difficult part of the task. To actually build the device would require thousands of dollars' worth of equipment and would take many weeks or months of concerted effort. There would be substantial danger—perhaps a 30 per cent risk of fatal injury—and the bomb would be far from certain to work.

*People worry about, say, Idi Amin obtaining a nuclear bomb, but Uganda could not afford and could not use a nuclear power plant*

The fruit of all this effort and risk would be to kill the occupants of a large building. But there are many easier ways to accomplish that end; for example, the terrorists could release a poison gas into the ventilation system of that building. They could kill as many people with conventional explosives or incendiaries in large crowds, as at a sports stadium. They could kill many more people by blowing open a large dam. They could poison a city's water or food supply. Any of these measures would be much simpler, safer, cheaper, and faster than stealing plutonium and making a bomb. (In fact, experts on terrorism have suggested that it would actually be beneficial to society for terrorists to be attracted to the nuclear bomb option; this would tie up so much of their time, energy, and resources that they would be distracted from other, more feasible ways of making mischief.) Furthermore, our safeguard system is so tight that aspiring thieves would probably choose to steal from foreign sources where safeguards are much looser. This poses a new problem, to which the best answer is for us to exert pressure by example—to show other countries how we go about protecting our plutonium. If we give up our use of plutonium, our influence in this matter is lost.

What about the expense of all these safeguards? Essentially negligible—they would add about 1 per cent to the cost of electricity from plutonium. Ralph Nader says that all this guarding will convert our nation into a police state—but the total guard force would be comparable to the present security forces in airports. There will probably never be as much plutonium outside of reactors in our nuclear power program as there is now in our nuclear weapons stockpile, and it clearly has much less weapons potential. The simple fact is that it isn't that hard to guard a national inventory that would fit into a living room. And cost can never be a problem, because the electric power generated by this plutonium is worth about $50 billion a year—you can afford a lot of guarding for even 1 per cent of that kind of money.

Second, let us consider the nuclear proliferation issue, which has received so much publicity. The fear is that a small nation with nuclear power facilities could divert plutonium from its power plants into a military weapons program. This route has never been followed, and for very good reasons. If a nation wants to develop plutonium weapons, it is ten times cheaper to build a plutonium production reactor than to build a power reactor, and the weapons-grade plutonium obtained from the former would make much more reliable bombs with about ten times higher explosive yield. Moreover, such a course avoids the political complications of defying the international inspectors who keep a careful watch on power reactor fuel. Another route to a nuclear military capability would be to purchase or construct uranium enrichment facilities. These again would be ten times cheaper than a power reactor, and would produce material from which it would be quite easy to make a very reliable, high-explosive-yield bomb. All nuclear weapons so far produced have used fuel obtained by one or both of these methods.

So how effective is banning the use of plutonium in power reactors for prohibiting proliferation of nuclear weapons? Suppose there were two main highways connecting Washington and New York, plus a long and difficult side road. To what extent would blocking the side road reduce travel between those two cities?

THE ONLY CREDIBLE scenario for weapons use of power-reactor plutonium would be if a nation decided it needed some nuclear weapons *in a hurry*. If it had a plutonium-fueled power reactor in operation, it would be quicker to divert plutonium from it than to build a separate reactor. However the whole world would have plenty of advance notice of its actions from the reports of the international inspectors; political action could be taken to stop the process, or at least the neighbors of the outlaw country could be assured that there would be nuclear retaliation if it launched a nuclear attack. People worry about a volatile dictator like Idi Amin obtaining a nuclear bomb, but Uganda could not afford and could not use a nuclear power plant.

Perhaps the most disturbing aspect of this issue is the way in which the public has been misinformed about it. To the news media, use of plutonium in power reactors *implies* proliferation of nuclear weapons, and refraining from using plutonium *prevents* proliferation. Clearly this is a gross oversimplification; the link between the two processes is quite weak. And what is lost sight of is that the important thing to prevent is an all-out nuclear war. Which of these is more likely to start an all-out nuclear war: a dictator of a small country dropping a hurriedly constructed, poor-quality nuclear weapon on one of its neighbors, or major nations in an energy-hungry world fighting over the few remaining oil resources? By solving the



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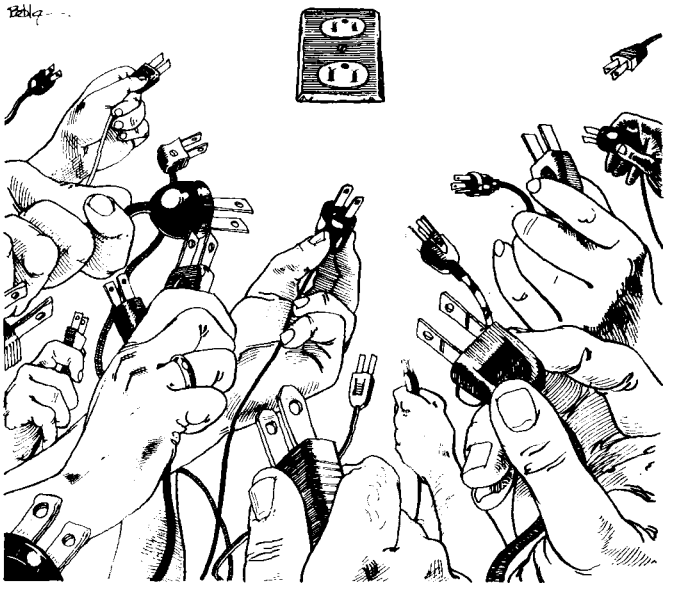
world's energy crisis, plutonium-fueled power reactors will do much more to prevent a nuclear holocaust than this weak link to proliferation can do to cause one.

If the move to stop use of plutonium as a reactor fuel is hard to understand, the Carter Administration's policy is even more perplexing. It is to stop use of plutonium in this country even though it is fully recognized that France, West Germany, Britain, Belgium, Japan, and the USSR are all pushing rapidly ahead on development of breeder reactors, and even though President Carter has publicly stated that he has no expectation they will stop. Furthermore, the Carter gesture is not only empty and ineffective: it is counterproductive. Many nations have come to need nuclear power, and therefore need a guaranteed supply of nuclear fuel. If they can't depend on the U.S. to supply it, they will embark on reprocessing programs of their own. Yugoslavia is now planning to withdraw its adherence to the nuclear non-proliferation treaty, and Brazil is more determined than ever to do its own reprocessing.

The enemies of plutonium have worked their slander campaign very effectively. But who are these enemies of plutonium, and what is their motivation? For the most part, those who oppose plutonium are those who have opposed every other aspect of nuclear power. When Margaret Mead —she's a fine anthropologist, but she has never used nuclear techniques in her scientific work—appointed a Committee of Inquiry for the National Council of Churches, her group of 21 included 11 who had previously published papers opposing nuclear power; the other ten were clergymen and lawyers with little knowledge of the subject. None of the 21 could claim expertise on scientific aspects of plutonium. This is the group that led the National Council of Churches down the road of opposition to plutonium.

Probably the most important enemies of plutonium are the professional environmentalists and their followers. They are always ready to believe bad things about technology, about programs that have received strong government support in the past, and about anything nuclear. Thus the very few scientists who have in fact made anti-nuclear statements were enough to convince these environmentalists that nuclear energy is evil and plutonium is worse. In general these people are well-meaning, dedicated, energetic—and politically influential. Their opposition has hurt deeply.



The enemies of plutonium and the enemies of nuclear power are basically one and the same. But what is their motivation? This is too large a question for full discussion here, so I will express my views succinctly—and run. As I see it, they are opposed to increased use of energy and to high technology in general, and have chosen nuclear power, and especially plutonium, as a convenient place to make a stand. The public fear of radiation works strongly in their favor, and they have no qualms about mixing their issues.

But if plutonium has natural enemies, what about its friends? When the starting up of commercial nuclear power was first an issue, it had staunch defenders; where are they now? Mainly gone. The official promoter of nuclear power was the AEC (Atomic Energy Commission), but it has been replaced by ERDA (Energy Research and Development Administration) and NRC (Nuclear Regulatory Commission). But ERDA is commissioned to develop all new forms of energy, and bends over backward to avoid any appearance of favoring nuclear energy. It is free to promote solar energy or geothermal energy to the limit, but any intimation that it is promoting nuclear energy is met by a loud reaction from Congress.

In past years there was powerful support in Congress from the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy (JCAE), a strong and well-informed group that has listened to thousands of hours of testimony from scientists. But most of its long-time members have now retired and the Committee is virtually dead. The FEA (Federal Energy Agency), which is charged with helping to solve our immediate energy problems, recognized that promotion of nuclear power would help attain its objective; it set up a tiny group for that purpose, but within weeks it was squelched by Congress. Support for plutonium is essentially forbidden in the Washington bureaucracy.

So things have now come down to the point where effectively the only friends of plutonium are the scientists and engineers who know and understand the problems. But suddenly we find that the rules of the game have been changed. All through the years we concentrated on our narrow scientific and technical problems. Our principal contact with the public was through the JCAE; after all, the very essence of our political system is that Congress acts for the people, and on complex issues its input is funneled through its committees. When a book or magazine article critical of nuclear power was written, the JCAE would hold lengthy hearings, and anyone who reads the thousands of pages per year of testimony will readily understand why the JCAE's faith was never shaken. We debated our scientific differences in the scientific literature, and where decisions were needed, prestigious committees were assembled or the problem was left to official bodies like NCRP or the National Academy of Sciences. We never thought it necessary to educate the public, so we never learned that business. In fact we didn't even bother to educate our fellow scientists—95 per cent of scientists get all of their information on nuclear energy from newspapers, popular magazines, and TV.

These were tough years for our critics. They got their

*(Continues on page 1069)*



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WILLIAM MURCHISON

# THE CHEERY DOOMSAYER:

# *An Interview with* Malcolm Muggeridge

THE FACE is familiar. The snow-white fringe of hair, the broad-tipped nose, the inimitable smile, with the corners of the mouth stretched wide as though fleeing panic-stricken from each other. The Malcolm Muggeridge who lounges comfortably in desert boots and work shirt has the outward look of that mass of electronic impulses the television talk-show hosts call "Muggeridge." But the fleshly Muggeridge radiates warmth and friendship. He is a far more arresting presence than his electronic alter ego.

Here in Dallas, buckle of the Sunbelt, sits the genuine article, sipping debased American tea and talking of the end of the world, or at any rate the world as we know it. To talk in Dallas of such an outlandish event as the end of the world is no small feat. Whereas Detroit and Gotham, to say nothing of Manchester and Birmingham, may be rusting in the corrosive air of the post-industrial age, Dallas is on the boom. Its churches, too, by modern standards, are stuffed on Sundays.

There are likelier pulpits than Dallas for the apostle they call St. Mugg. Yet St. Mugg, as guest lecturer for two weeks at the University of Dallas (one of the country's finer private schools), is undaunted. He would have us know that, whatever the outward look of things, the easygoing world of liberal democracy, social tolerance, and onward-and-upward economics has about run its course. But, why mourn? Muggeridge talks as another might talk of a favorite bar's shutting its doors: with nostalgia and regret but with hope for a replacement that should prove better still. His lovely, soft-spoken wife, Kitty, nods supportively.

"A favorite theory of mine," says Muggeridge, "is that in every dying civilization, you have a death wish. You see people doing all they can to bring it about." Indeed, the world has perhaps never seen so concerted a death wish as now: just look around at the politicians, the clergy, the opinion-makers. "It is inconceivable," Muggeridge declares flatly, "that anything, anything earthly, could reverse this process." For now, we may "congratulate ourselves at least that we have seen what freedom means, but in ten or twenty years that won't be so. We are going to live in a world completely alien to us. We have got to accept that situation and try, as we are given enough courage or insight, to be true to our faith."

And so the world is coming to an end. The hard sunshine of a Texas afternoon filters into the room, painting the furniture yellow. Why is the world coming to an end? Muggeridge shakes his head. There are so many reasons—so many, each one more vexing, and in some ways funnier, than the last.

Take the media. "I've come to feel," sighs Muggeridge, the self-styled knockabout journalist, "that news is a kind of fantasy. Television and radio have made it more so. I call it Newszak. You have this medley of tunes that some people with whom you have nothing to do have picked out, and you hear them over and over." Here is fantasy indeed—an event of no significance trumped up into a headline or a breathless bulletin; and all because something, anything, has got to be said.

"Standards of printing and writing have declined. Television news soon will be *the* news, which is a very dangerous situation. The golden age of journalism was in the Twenties and Thirties, and it's quite gone. Television has taken its place."

Television! The word falls from Muggeridge's lips as if it were a jocular obscenity—the sort a roguish altar boy might utter during the anthem. Granted, it was television that brought St. Mugg his widest fame. But what a washer of perfectly good brains it has become. "I think Torquemada's crying his eyes out in Purgatory to think he missed out on television."

The offenses to be laid at television's doorstep are grave ones. "I am prepared to argue that television does more harm when it's being serious than when it's being frivolous—in other words, when it's reporting the news. I think television destroyed Nixon, and it lost you the Vietnam War. It discloses all secret doubts and weaknesses. It is the death wish incarnate. Well! Just look at your war coverage. The whole thing was slanted beyond all thought against the United States. And now television is destroying the CIA. It's simply on the rampage."

Now and again, Muggeridge says, he

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consents to show his face in the enemy camp. He will talk on television. But watch it? No chance. "I don't even own a set nowadays. I tell people I've had my aerials removed and I feel much better for it."

Yet when people can be lured away from the box they immerse themselves in pornography. Muggeridge shakes his head again. "It is a sad thing that freedom involves the appearance of *Penthouse*. And, frankly, I see no sign of satiety. I find it difficult to believe that there's going to be a reaction. But there should be. Pornography is a sickness of the soul, and it's everywhere. I think it's utterly tragic." Yes, and what a colossal irony that the tragedy of the situation should be understood best by the Soviets, who have banned pornography entirely. "It is a great relief not to see it in the Soviet Union," Muggeridge confesses, almost through gritted teeth.

STILL, WHO can wonder at the West's obsession? For pornography is part of the death wish. If the moral dilemma of the times has a core, Muggeridge says, "it is the dissociation of eroticism from procreation. Eroticism becomes an end in itself—like gastronomy. The end of gastronomy is the vomitorium. We lose our appetites entirely, and so I think we will lose our sexual appetites. The whole trend of the times is toward impotence."

A modern Englishman, indeed, is required to know something of impotence—the national variety if not the sexual. The country is in a hash. "I think the future of England is more uncertain than at any time since the Civil War" (since 1646, that is, not 1865). "Both America and Britain are entered in the Gadarene Sweepstakes, but we're a length or two ahead at the moment."

Of the present political parties, and of the politicians who infest them, there is nothing to be hoped. What is the alternative to the Labor government? "Margaret Thatcher!" cries Muggeridge with perverse glee, as if nothing could be funnier than the thought of a plum-voiced housewife as savior of the United Kingdom. Nor is the rest of Europe in noticeably better shape than Britain. "I certainly think Western Europe is going to collapse. It will be either a takeover, in the case of France and Italy, with the Communists masquerading as democrats, or it will be, as in England, a failure by government to govern."

There is talk in England that a dictator may arise to bring order out of chaos. Does Muggeridge listen seriously to such talk? He does. "You have to consider that when a choice is offered, between dictatorship and chaos, it is customary to choose tyranny."

And yet . . . and yet . . . suppose the world really is coming to an end. Is that *necessarily* so bad a thing? Muggeridge draws a breath. The corners of his mouth once more go haring off in opposite directions, and the blue eyes twinkle with a kind of constrained excitement. "Of course there is another side to this whole question of Western collapse. The discrediting of liberal society and Marxist society, from the point of view of truth and reality, is a wonderful thing. Solzhenitsyn has proved that attempts to condition mankind are a failure. Our present economic chaos shows this, too—that it's no good conditioning man as an economic animal. In Russia, recrudescence of transcendent belief has become a very real thing. And in the Western countries, people have lost confidence in this constant picture of everlasting prosperity. There is deep disillusion with the optimistic kingdom-of-heaven-on-earth view." In Dallas, too? Ah, yes; even here.

It is at such a point that men turn at last to where Muggeridge's own eyes are fixed. They turn to God. "The Christian alternative is our only hope, our only prospect." Muggeridge talks with terrific intensity. He is, once again, St. Mugg, apostle to the neo-pagans. "Christianity is certain and immediate salvation to all who avail themselves of it." It would help, of course, if the churches were better shepherds, better watchmen over the souls committed to them. With organized religion, Muggeridge is decidedly impatient. The churches play around with their liturgies, effacing the sense of permanence that helps make religion attractive. "As for the poor old Anglican Church, I can't help feeling sorry for it; they have so completely taken up this social gospel. But of course so have the Roman Catholics."

"Still, the only church I would join," affirms Muggeridge, "is the Roman Catholic Church, which I have a sort of insane love for. But I would be an awful nuisance as a church member. You'll remember Groucho Marx's remark that he wouldn't want to be a member of any club that would have him as a member. Well, I wouldn't want to join a church that would accept me."

CHURCH OR NO church, the problem of good and evil, which is the central problem of mankind, is with us once more in all its awesomeness, and there is no way of evading it. "There will be a breakdown. Out of that breakdown will be a form of authoritarianism that is anti-Christian. These will be great testing times. But I don't feel at all hopeless. Where is the Church strongest? In Poland, which is a Communist country. And out of Russia, where religion is viciously persecuted, has come Solzhenitsyn, a man who speaks the language of Western civilization. So the faith will survive. The times will be hard, but God is on the side of those who worship Him, and His people will prevail."

The man who is known as St. Mugg smiles once more. A triumphant smile; a smile of victory. What if the world is coming to an end? Who will miss such a world when a better one is on the way, devoid, if we are lucky, of politicians, pornographers, and television commentators? The thought is delicious. "No," says Malcolm Muggeridge, savoring it, "I don't feel at all hopeless." □



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YAF '77

# Wisdom in New York

FREDERICK R. DEMPSEY

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 24. Who would have ever thought that Wisdom would come to New York City? Jeane Dixon did not predict it, nor did Bella Abzug expect it. But six hundred young men and women of remarkable prescience gathered at the Statler-Hilton during the last week in August in anticipation of a visit from Boethius' mistress.

I had coaxed two friends into coming along from Chicago; we arrived by 4:00 P.M. and, after settling in, descended post-haste to the Terrace Ballroom expecting the best, for it was the Ninth National Convention of Young Americans for Freedom.

The opening session of the convention—the theme of which was "Freedom, Not Socialism"—featured former Senator James Buckley and Congressman Jack Kemp of New York. Jim Buckley's speech was personal and reflective, and he spoke to YAF as a father who is proud of his sons. He reminisced about YAF's founding in Sharon, urged the organization to greater activity, and restated his own devotion to the principles of the Sharon Statement—which Statement, he said, cast in bronze, is permanently embedded in an old well at Great Elm.

I had previously seen Buckley only on TV—a Clean Gene of conservatism, the citizen-politician. He came to politics as most YAFers did: he saw a void where there should have been political responsibility. So Buckley ran to fill that void in 1970. He failed to win reelection last year, but YAFers made it clear this evening that they are ready to carry his banner, no matter what battle he charges into. Indeed, there was a tacit consensus among the audience that if men were angels, they would all be like Jim Buckley.

Congressman Kemp—once a quarterback for the Buffalo Bills—is more of a Daniel than an angel, standing day after day in the House trying to convince the lions there that a lean tax diet is to everyone's advantage. Speaking before YAF his message was the same, but the manner was different: YAF members—the faithful—need direction, not conversion. Kemp was thus once again the quarterback, leading the team against creeping socialism in America—not, he warned, nationalization of the means of production (though that too may occur), but socialization of the *ends* of production.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 25—Today may well be remembered as one of YAF's finest. A breakfast session featured William Simon, Secretary of the Treasury in the Ford Administration. President Carter, said Simon, has evinced "followership, not leadership"; his decisions are determined by pollsters. Hence his many mistakes since taking office: the pullout from South Korea; the selective human rights stance; the economic initiatives which are having a damaging effect on business, energy, and Social Security. Simon's attack was witty, not shrill: "Andy Young thinks protocol is a throat lozenge." This is the same man, after all, who used to wear an Adam Smith necktie when he appeared before Congress.

The banquet that evening featured Representative Bob Dornan as the master of ceremonies, Representative Phil Crane as the introductory speaker, and, everyone's hero, Ronald Reagan; there were ten minutes of affectionate madness—applause, cheers, stomping—after the Reagans had mounted the dais. After Representative Dornan had finished the ritualistic forty-minute introduction of the head table. Representative Crane warmed the crowd up. His speech was well received, but there was a certain tension in the audience, an anticipation of the main event.

Where else but at a YAF convention is there so concentrated a group of loyal, admiring Reagan disciples? Nowhere; and Reagan repaid YAF's devotion by delivering a speech that put their convention on the front page of the *New York Times*. Reagan ran down his amusing—and frightening—dossier of Big Brotherism in Washington. But it was his remarks on the Panama Canal that made page-one news. Our leaders in Washington, he said, "have difficulty distinguishing between diplomats and doormats"; thus the treaty, to which he expressed his firm opposition; and the audience went wild.

Then came the state caucuses, at which candidates for the National Board can make their pitch to the delegates. The only major controversy of the convention was over a resolution calling for the decriminalization of marijuana. And here political expediency raised its ugly head. Some were cautiously for the resolution, some hesitantly opposed; the really timid souls suggested tabling it. The Timids won, which was not surprising, given that YAF must take into consideration the opinions of its financial contributors.

*Friday, August 26*—Today was slow, Wisdom, for the most part, taking second place to politics. We heard Barbara Keating and Representative John Ashbrook in the A.M. Mrs. Keating, who ran for the Senate against Jacob Javits on the Conservative Party ticket in 1974, urged YAF to rebel against current government policies; Ashbrook's statement that the looters in the New York blackout should have been "shot on the spot" seemed a quantum jump from his initial thesis that we should

*(Continues on page 1068)*

*Mr. Dempsey is a senior at Loyola University and chairman of Illinois YAF.*

## The Tip-Off

While Wood & Bern enjoy their riches,
Enshrined as journalism's snitches,
Their sniffing noses, you might think,
Would catch another gorgeous stink—
The smell of dollars on the Hill,
Bribes poured from a Korean till.
But it would be lèse-majesté
To probe the millions other pay
To Democrats. Perish the thought
That Tip O'Neill may have been bought.

RALPH DE TOLEDANO



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# Markets and Meat Wagons



WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

A CORRESPONDENT noticed that I had to wait thirty minutes for an ambulance last December, after the trees flew into my airplane. It would never have happened fifty years ago in Wichita, he said, because they had free-market competition. Period.

"Tell me more!" I said, by return mail, and the good Mr. M. D. Isely obliged me—and you—most handsomely.

"Dear Mr. Rickenbacker:

"You asked about ambulance competition in Wichita, Kansas when I was a boy. When an accident occurred, it was customary for each witness to call an ambulance, and each called the ambulance which occurred to him. There was no central clearing-house for these calls and so several ambulances would respond to any major accident even if only one person was injured. It was a case of May the Best Ambulance Win. The winner was obviously fastest and thereby reduced the delay in medical care. The others returned empty and unpaid. The operators were competitive and liked the arrangement.

"Here is an event of 1924 which will show what I mean. With my father and some friends, I was on the way to an air show at an unimproved field which is now part of McConnell Air Force Base. The two-lane, unpaved road had been temporarily converted into a one-way road, but traffic had stalled and the air show was already in progress. On each side of the road was a deep drainage ditch. Presently I heard an exhaust whistle to my right and there, driving in the ditch, was a Gill ambulance. It was a Pierce Arrow with substantial clearance and generous approach and departure angles. A modern ambulance couldn't have negotiated the climbs over culverts at access roads. Before it was out of hearing I heard the siren of a Lahey and Martin ambulance: a Cadillac, not unlike the Pierce Arrow in boondock performance. Soon it sped past in the left ditch.

"A parachutist had been injured in view of thousands of people. The winning ambulance was seen by thousands more. I don't remember who won, but when I saw them Gill was ahead. This constituted valuable advertising. The winner always called both newspapers and—perhaps out of gratitude for the news, perhaps out of habit—they always mentioned the ambulance that carried the injured person to the hospital. Thus many thousands more read the name of the winner and, in the case of the parachutist, it was on page one under a banner headline. When people saw such an item they realized that the ambulance named had won a race with other ambulances. When a loved one needed an ambulance to win a race with death they would, understandably, call a known winner.

$$0 \times 3 = 0$$

"During the Thirties, Wichita's leaders began to reconsider their tolerant laws concerning emergency vehicles. It was an era of rampant statism; and quantity of law, rather than quality, was in vogue. It was argued that competing ambulances, racing against each other, multiplied the accident exposure factor. This is plausible, yet the ambulance accident record of the time was excellent. Zero multiplied by three equals zero. Nevertheless, the law was changed and the racing stopped.

"Today the torts, the courts, and the juries have raised ambulance insurance rates until they threaten the business. I suppose the discussion, in your case, concerned the matter of who had insurance coverage in that area. In days of yore, medical students drove the ambulances at night. They could sleep or study when not on a run. Now I suppose law students are hired. The former concern for the patient has given way to a concern for legality; and to a further concern, on the part of the legal profession, for making fortunes, at public expense, from the misfortunes of others. Technological advances notwithstanding, I believe that the overall quality of ambulance service has declined. Sincerely . . ."

Thank you, Mr. Isely, for a brilliant letter, and a rare beam of light trained on an area where freedom and competition have been tried, have worked, have been voted out of fashion by fools, and greatly deserve to be reestablished.

And that it is fashion rather than intelligence that seems to dictate which ideas shall reign for the day is illustrated by an article that appeared in the *New York Times* this spring and is here quoted whole:

"READER'S DIGEST TAKES UNUSUAL PAYMENTS

"*Reader's Digest* has a nice image. It is always doing nice things to embellish its nice image. Its newest niceness comes in the form of a forgiving letter it has sent to customers who ordered various *Digest* products (subscriptions, books, record albums) offering as payment money orders that bounced.

"According to the *Digest*, it has received some 550 money orders drawn by the USN Company, which has gone into bankruptcy. The total value was about six thousand dollars.

"Those customers will be receiving a letter from the *Digest* that explains the money orders have been returned by the bank 'because the firm can't meet its obligations.'

## *Inhumanity of Business*

" 'We know you acted in good faith,' it adds. 'We feel it would be unfair to penalize you for the mistakes of others.'

"So the *Digest*, in one of those great moments in American business, is accepting the bad money orders as payment."

Now there is as stupid and blatant an example of the anti-business mentality as you should ever hope to see. Why does the *Digest* deserve sarcasm, ridicule, baby-talk for simply behaving handsomely in an awkward situation?

You can be sure that the same moron who wrote that anonymous slur would be the first to criticize business for being "inhuman," for "ignoring humane values in a blind pursuit of the profit motive," and so on. Well, let's spit in the *Times*'s face, and go about our work. □



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# Repeating History

## From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

AT EVERY LEVEL of schooling in America, the study of history has been declining. Not seldom the historical discipline is abandoned in favor of courses in "special social problems." And of course the boob tube has made its inroads: who wants Thucydides when we have Barbara Walters? The professors of history are alarmed. They, at least, recall the observation of Santayana that those who ignore history are condemned to repeat it.

Mr. Richard S. Kirkendall, executive secretary of the Organization of American Historians, made an interesting report late in 1975 on this sorry decay of historical studies. Since then a considerable variety of newspapers and organizations have tested or questioned students and teachers. All these surveys have been disheartening.

Professor Kirkendall's report, "The Status of History in the Schools" (*Journal of American History*, September 1975), proved, "if proof is necessary, that history is in crisis and that history's crisis is not merely a part of the large difficulties of academic life at the present time." One of the chief causes of declining interest in history, Mr. Kirkendall and his colleagues found, was the notion that history "is not a practical subject." One thinks of Albert Jay Nock's essay "The Value of Useless Knowledge," in which Nock argued that though historical knowledge has no immediately practical application, nevertheless it is the most *valuable* of all intellectual disciplines.

"Signs of improvement are scarce," Mr. Kirkendall reported; and though the Organization of American Historians has dredged up a few little cheering symptoms of historical revival since 1975, in general we are no better off in this discipline than we were two years ago. "Confidence and interest in history are not nearly as widespread and strong among students, educational administrators, and politicians as they were only a few years ago. Doubts about its usefulness for the individual and for society now exert a large influence on attitudes and decisions," Professor Kirkendall concluded. "It seems unlikely that historians can destroy the influence of presentism, but they can reduce the anti-historical consequences of it by demonstrating the value of historical perspective and historical comparisons and the importance of a sense of time and place."

Mr. Kirkendall is a temperate historian. My own academic discipline, at three universities, was modern history; and I am tempted to be intemperate about the grim phenomenon of what amounts to deliberate neglect, or positive exclusion, of history.

CONSIDER THE results in St. Louis, late last year, of testing a representative 122 high school students on their knowledge of basic American history, government, and world affairs. The test, a sound if simple one, was prepared by the Gallup organization and the National Municipal League. The passing score was supposed to be seventy out of one hundred questions. In fact, the average grade was 49.15. Only 22 students passed the St. Louis test; one hundred failed. Most of these students were graduating seniors.

Or consider the *New York Times*' History Knowledge and Attitude Survey, conducted among 1,856 freshmen at 194 college campuses last year. Forty-four questions were asked. The average student in the sample answered correctly only 21 of these questions; the highest score by any student was 41. History department chairmen and social science coordinators in six cities were asked to evaluate this test. They estimated that a typical college-bound high school senior ought to be able to get a score of 70 per cent. Actually, only one college freshman in 12 scored that high.

One of the liveliest historical writers of our time, Professor John Lukacs, has argued that we are entering upon an era when historical literature will supplant the novel and other forms of literary expression. Let us devoutly hope so; but as yet the signs of this are few.

We learn from history that we learn nothing from history, Hegel wrote. Perhaps that hard truth will revive our historical consciousness, after experience of adversity. I mean that when the gods of the copybook headings with fire and slaughter return, chastened men and women perceive afresh that they should have paid some attention to the record of human endeavor—which we call history.

T. S. Eliot remarked in a memorable lecture that we have been condemning the rising generation to a new form of provincialism: the provincialism of time, imprisoning people in their own little present moment. Eliot knew that aside from revelation our only source of humane knowledge is history, in the larger sense of that word. Only the past is knowable. The present is an evanescent film upon the deep well of the past; the future, diverting though it be to speculate about, is quite unknowable.

So if we cut off the rising generation from historical consciousness, we cut them off from knowledge generally. What can be done about this decay? Better historical writing and better historical teaching could help. I think of the advice of Disraeli, in *Contarini Fleming*: "Read no history, nothing but biography . . ." Disraeli meant that the historical concreteness of biography captures the imagination more readily than does historical abstraction. I tried something of the sort in some textbook work I did a few years ago for the Educational Research Council of America; but I have had few emulators.

However that may be, the modern unhistorical, or anti-historical, attitude is unique in the history of civilized man as a widespread social phenomenon. It seems to parallel the wide lack of interest in the question of the immortality of the soul. I suspect that people uninterested in the soul will forfeit their own souls; and that a people uninterested in history presently will cease to have a history, or to be a people. □



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# Books Arts & Manners

# The Cave of The Winds

*Lewis H. Lapham*

IN THE MIDDLE 1960s, I was a contributing writer to *The Saturday Evening Post*, and about five or six times a year, usually on those occasions when I brought a manuscript into the office, I would talk to Otto Friedrich, the magazine's editor, about the sorrows of Grub Street. The *Post* in those days was a weekly, paying the highest rates in the business and drawing upon the entire repertoire of American writing. Even so, and contrary to the publicity for the wonders of the new journalism, Friedrich figured that there were 12, maybe 15, writers in the United States from whom he could expect consistently decent work. He left out of his calculation the celebrated novelists of the moment ("tiny giants," he used to call them) and the fashionable sages who, for a fee appropriate to their enlightened state of being, sometimes would descend from Connecticut or the Sierra Nevada to make a few announcements about the fate of the nation or the future of mankind. He referred instead to the writers not yet transformed into properties and who therefore still found it necessary to observe, think, study, and ask questions of people other than themselves.

Although I held Friedrich in high regard, I thought him inclined to a gloomy view of things, and so I attributed his remarks to his habitual melancholy. Surely, I thought, the fellow exaggerates. Surely a country as populous as the United States could bring forth more than one writer for every 13 million citizens. Renaissance England had a population of less than five million, and yet the city of London sustained not only Shakespeare but Bacon, Marlowe, Jonson, Donne, Nashe, Spenser, Sidney, and the translators of the King James Bible. Clearly Friedrich must be mistaken. Perhaps he had been inquiring of the wrong literary agents.

Alas, now that I have inherited an editor's estate, I discover that Friedrich was talking about a golden age. *Harper's* is a monthly; it doesn't pay the same money as the *Post*, and it makes more strenuous demands of its authors. The parallel nevertheless seems to me just, because, like the *Post* under Friedrich's direction, *Harper's* deals in the play of ideas rather than in an inventory of specialty merchandise. Given the difficulty of this undertaking, together with the stubbornness of the prejudices that resist it, I suppose I should not be surprised that Friedrich's company of 12 or 15 writers has dwindled to a remnant of four or five.

THE NUMBER might seem small to the casual buyer of books, and so I should explain that I refer to writers who want to take part in what's left of the public discourse, who know something about their subject, and who take the trouble to shape their ideas into lucid, sometimes eloquent, arguments. This definition excludes most of what passes for contemporary journalism and *belles-lettres*. In the brightly packaged clutter of the bookstores and the newsstands the items for sale usually can be identified as the work of one of the following authorities:

*Shamans and Mystagogues,* who tell the secrets of the universe and furnish maps through the sloughs of surfeit and despond.

*Academic Theorists,* who maybe have discovered the connection between government and the governed but who write so badly as to make their discoveries unintelligible to all but the sacred college of the already initiated.

*Illuminati,* who repeat, incessantly and inaccurately, what they thought they heard somebody say two weeks ago at the Pentagon or Cap d'Antibes.

*Young Women of Sensibility,* who rush breathlessly through the realms of the obvious and send back pages torn from their diaries.

*Social Critics,* who have opinions.

*Investigative Journalists,* who affirm on the lecture circuit their commitment to social justice but who refuse to go to Detroit without a guarantee of $50,000 in front and 20 per cent of the movie rights.

Before becoming a magazine editor I had thought that what goes by the name of "the national debate" was something closely akin to the cycle of the seasons—an ex-

*This is the third in a series of essays which will be appearing quarterly in "Books, Arts, & Manners."*



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uberant profusion of thought, wit, argument, commentary, polemic, satire, and literary invention. I now recognize it as an unnatural thing that exists only if it is made to exist, mostly by people who would rather be doing something else.

The public conversation acquires both its subtlety and its vigor from the article or essay. Not only do these shorter forms of expression appeal to larger numbers of people, but also they lend themselves more easily to the play of ideas. The author can afford to follow the sudden turnings of his imagination, to risk being thought a fool, to publish and be damned. But the economics of the publishing business over the last 15 years has favored the longer and clumsier forms (the tract, the dissertation, the definitive report, etc.), and this has shifted the weight of money against the playfulness of mind.

Of the thousands of books published every year almost all of them (possibly as many as 95 in every 100) constitute little more than puffed-up essays or articles. The author could have said what he had to say in forty pages instead of four hundred, but the publishers demand an object that they can sell for $8.95 to $11.95, and so the authors pad and stuff their arguments with enough repetition and tedious example to make up the required bulk. For manufacture of such an object an author might receive a preliminary payment of between $10,000 and $50,000 (more than he could hope to earn in a year of writing articles, no matter how relevant or engaging). Given a subject that captures the public attention for as long as a week, the author of no matter how bad a book stands the further chance of earning royalties, of selling subsidiary rights, of developing the property for the movies or television, of conversations with the hosts of television talk shows, and, probably more satisfying than anything else, of notice in the literary press.

As recently as five years ago, I can remember people talking about certain articles in certain magazines as if they were important events. With a few exceptions this is no longer so. As books have become more expensive objects, so also have they become more appropriate subjects for literary politics. In order for an author to gain a reputation for possessing even so small a thing as an opinion (much less a theory, a temperament, or a world-view) his work must be supported by the engines of commerce. If his ideas do not appear in a book, preferably a book of many pages sustained by heavy advertising, his ideas can be said to count for nothing.

As the book business comes to resemble journalism, so also do the publishers come to resemble the editors of Sunday newspaper supplements. Creatures of trend and fashion, they inhabit a cave of the winds, idly letting go toy balloons and watching them float out to sea. They seldom have either the time or the inclination to sustain their interest in a book that takes more than 18 months to write, edit, publish, and sell to a reprint house. Who can remember yesterday's news, much less last week's truth?

The more careful the author's thought and the more complex his argument the smaller his chance of success. Not enough people will understand what he's trying to say. The shoddy work sells as well as or better than the good work, so why confuse the critics with something that might give them reason to doubt the worth of their profession? If this year's fashion has it that the United States has fallen into moral disrepair, then the publishers can hawk the bad news until the fashion changes, whereupon, next year or the year after, they can bring out the revisionist news that the United States is really a very nice place, much befouled by ungrateful intellectuals. If managed correctly, both discoveries can sell 50,000 copies in hardcover and 500,000 copies in paper.

Given the state of the publishing business, the would-be author of articles or essays finds little reason to write for periodicals. With a mediocre idea that might deserve four pages in a well-edited magazine he can write a mediocre book and maybe earn $100,000. If he doesn't want to write a book he can write speeches for corporation presidents or government ministers. The general aptitude for literate discourse has declined to such an extent in the last generation that even a modest degree of competence commands a high price in any of several markets. The man who doesn't want

## RANDOM NOTES

■ SEPTEMBER LEFTOVERS: In *Requiem: The Decline and Demise of Mayor Daley and His Era* (Contemporary Books, $8.95), Len O'Connor does a fine job of examining Richard Daley's last days: from the time he missed the boat on Carter and couldn't deliver Illinois to the Democrats, it was all downhill. . . . Annie Dillard's *Holy the Firm* (Harper & Row, $7.50) brings us more prose poesy from a modern-day Thoreau, whose previous book, *Pilgrim at Tinker Creek*, touched the core of rural America. . . . In *Karen Anne: The Quinlans Tell Their Story* (Doubleday, $10), Joseph and Julia Quinlan explain their on-going fight for their daughter's right to "die with dignity."

■ OCTOBER TITLES: David Irving has written a thoroughly researched biography of Rommel, the German commander who plotted against Hitler but almost won the war for him—at least in North Africa—in *The Trail of the Fox* (Dutton, $15). . . . Jorge Luis Borges, who has been called the greatest living writer, has brought out a new collection of short stories called *The Book of Sand* (Dutton, $7.95), written, he notes, "to ease the passing of time." . . . In *Part of My Life: The Memoirs of a Philosopher* (Harcourt Brace, $14.95), A. J. Ayer recalls his first 35 years, during which he popularized the doctrines of logical positivism and hobnobbed with such figures as Virginia Woolf and George Orwell. . . . Robert Payne has turned out still another biography of still another Soviet revolutionary. This time it's *The Life and Death of Trotsky* (McGraw-Hill, $12.50), which concentrates on Trotsky's hubris, and his rapid decline following Lenin's death. . . . Susan Atkins, one of Manson's still-imprisoned girls, describes her demonic descent and her resurrection in *Child of Satan, Child of God* (Logos International, $7.95). Her conversion may make an even better story than Chuck Colson's. . . . Washington reporter Robert Shogan, who has been keeping tabs on Carter, reports his conclusions in *Promises to Keep: Carter's First Hundred Days* (Crowell, $8.95). . . . Gary Paulson appraises the achievements of the realists who have wrested a living from the soil in *Farm: A History and Celebration of the American Farmer* (Prentice-Hall, $8.95).

■ FORTHCOMING: Regnery will soon reissue Whittaker Chambers' *Witness*, with a new introduction by John Fox comprehending recent researches and revelations in the Hiss-Chambers controversy.



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to write either books or speeches can write publicity, for CBS or the Shah of Iran, or he can write autobiographies of aging actresses.

The difficulty of finding an audience for the play of ideas corresponds to the difficulty of casting actors in the play. Several years ago I rented a house on Long Island for some months, and at the end of the first week I felt myself being followed around by a feeling of vague depression. The reason for my uneasiness eluded me, and so I began to examine the premises in search of its origin. The house belonged to a successful lawyer, a man not only prosperous but also eminent in his profession. It was said that he offered advice to Presidents of the United States and that his opinion was much sought after by the trustees of at least seven universities. I had never met the man, and I could find no fault with the furniture, with the paintings of sailing vessels or the view of the lawn. During my second week in the house I noticed that my depression was most acute in the library. This was a handsome room, paneled in wood and opening onto an octagonal garden, but there were hardly any books in it. The shelves were filled with china plates and golf trophies, with antique clocks and framed photographs of the lawyer standing next to somebody famous. In between these objects I remember the following collection of books:

An edition of *The World's Great Classics*, published in 1900 and decorated with expensive engravings.

Miscellaneous law books and congressional directories.

Winston Churchill's *History of the English-Speaking Peoples*.

Maybe twenty or thirty best-selling novels, still in their dust-jackets and representing a distracted buying of what had been recommended by critics across a span of 26 years.

About a dozen volumes of memoirs written by the public men with whom the lawyer appeared in the photographs, most of them unread and a few of them inscribed by the author to his friend, counsellor, and golfing partner.

An almanac nine years out of date.

The complete works of Charles Dickens, presented to the lawyer upon the occasion of his graduation from Yale.

As I say, it has been several years since I rented the house, and so perhaps I do the lawyer an injustice. I may have overlooked the *Time-Life History of the World* or a set of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, but in the main I have got it right. The same sense of withdrawal from the realm of ideas was reflected in the magazines arranged in precise rows on the polished tables. I found copies of *Smithsonian*, *Travel & Leisure*, *Time*, *Vogue*, and *Yachting*. Together with the shards of Western Civilization scattered among the golf trophies the magazines testified to the presence of a stunted mind. Not that the lawyer wasn't an intelligent and probably a shrewd man, but he had concentrated his mind in so flat a dimension of interest as to preclude the hope of further education. What he had learned about history and literature he had learned by rote at college forty years ago. Apparently this was sufficient to his purpose. Once having identified an idea as good or bad, proper or improper, correct or incorrect, he need think no more about it.

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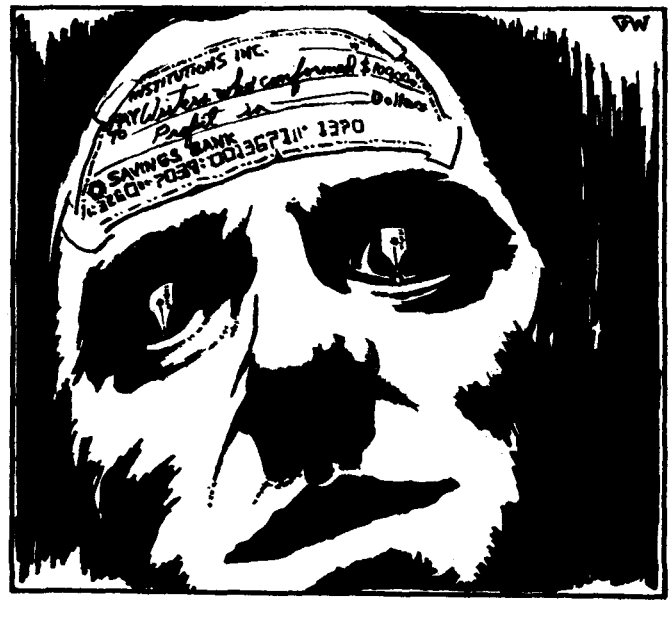
*Mr. Lapham is the editor of* Harper's *Magazine.*

People sometimes ask me to name the other magazines with which *Harper's* competes for its audience. But this is to ask the wrong question. *Harper's* does not compete so much with *The Atlantic*, NATIONAL REVIEW, or *The New Republic* as it competes with television, tennis, and tours of the Rhine. As the world comes to be perceived as both more dangerous and more complex than had been dreamed of in Kingman Brewster's philosophy, the educated audience drifts away from the theater of ideas. What can periodicals bring to Long Island except rumors of unrest in the metropolitan slums and news of trouble on the frontiers? Why not think instead about whatever brings the most immediate gain? If even Buckminster Fuller can't figure it out, then why bother to try? Better to play golf and look at the pretty pictures in the magazines that advertise the best of all possible worlds, in which nothing of any consequence has happened since the Harvard-Yale game of 1937. The world gnaws at the established classes, threatening them with change and loss of privilege, and so they retreat into the cellars of indifference.

THE WEIGHT of money imposes still another burden on the public conversation by forcing it to become both earnest and timid. So much can be gained and so much lost (tenure, reputation, sales to the Book-of-the-Month Club, etc.) that the writers of books find themselves deprived of their courage and humor. Who can afford to take chances with a $50,000 advance against royalties and the good opinion of the *New York Times*? Advancing or defending positions across the whole board of public issues, the writers of serious intent find it necessary to hold views on subjects about which they know nothing. The more closely they can identify themselves with a particular point of view (on the environment, the Middle East, Vietnam, the nature of the media, etc.) the more easily they become marketable commodities. The techniques of mass communication favor celebrity rather than thought, and so the transformation of a writer into a persona or known object corresponds to the discovery of the philosopher's stone and the transmutation of lead into gold.



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This modern equivalent of Faust's bargain with Mephistopheles exacts the traditional price. The writers lose their souls. Few of them can afford to deviate from the rigid lines of doctrine. An author well known for his liberal view of government might hold a conservative view of religion, but if he presented the latter view in public he would risk blurring his image. His peers would accuse him of heresy, and within an embarrassingly brief period of time he would lose his value in the ideological markets. Perhaps this is why it is so difficult to find writers who have acquired voices of their own. They learn to write in what might be called the institutional voice—as correspondents for either *Time*, *Ms.*, *The Aspen Institute*, *Rolling Stone*, or *The Ford Foundation*. In a more obvious way the dreariness of a bureaucratic sensibility weighs upon the writing refracted through political movements and causes.

FROM TIME TO TIME I hear it said that what this country needs is another H. L. Mencken. Portly and complacent men stand around the bar at the Century Club and say, at least once every hour, "Ah, if only H. L. Mencken were alive . . ." But if Mencken were alive I suspect that he would have a great deal of difficulty getting published. He would not take seriously enough the pieties of the age, and the same portly and complacent men who bemoan his absence would find reasons to regret his presence. He might suggest that blacks (i.e., "Moors") do not think as well as whites, that homosexuality constitutes a mental disorder rather than a political choice, that women, no matter how well-meaning or enraged, simply cannot make art, government, or law. None of these opinions would be welcomed with much enthusiasm on the Op-Ed pages of the nation's newspapers. Neither would they be found suitable for an appearance at Yale or Harvard university.

As the weight of money inhibits the freedom of the public conversation so also does it reduce to a small number the forums in which the conversation can take place. The institutional voice requires the decorous amplifications of institutional rostra. For an idea to be deemed worthy of public discussion it must appear in at least one of several quasi-official circumstances—either in the major newspapers (among them the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post*, and the *Wall Street Journal*), in the news magazines, on the television networks with the addition of Public Broadcasting, in the books published by no more than seven or eight New York publishing houses, in maybe 15 or twenty periodicals, or in the scholarship supported by the prominent universities and charitable foundations. The conversation that takes place outside this remarkably small circle (given the size and reputed diversity of the United States) might as well be taking place in a roadside tavern 27 miles southwest of Omaha.

Within the circle of institutional opinion most people agree, more or less, on most things. On minor matters of politics they permit themselves to disagree, just as they entertain differences of opinion about the regional matters of aesthetics, tax reform, or sexual conduct. But on the large, teleological questions there is general agreement about the line of demarcation between good and evil. As follows:

| Good | Evil |
|---|---|
| The self | The world |
| Feeling | Thought |
| Simplicity | Complexity |
| Equality | Liberty |
| Expression | Art |
| Adolescence | Maturity |
| Nature | Machinery |
| Innocence | Experience |
| The country | The city |

Obviously I exaggerate, but not as much as I might wish. Together with the canard about the dead and therefore much beloved H. L. Mencken there is also the fiction about this being an age of such permissive license that anybody can say anything at all in the public prints. Possibly this is true of the marginal publications that cater to a special or depraved interest, but on the institutional platforms the speakers refrain from mentioning any of the proscribed topics on the institutional index. I could extend the list of these topics through a multiplication of examples (most of them having to do with the euphemisms for race, class, sexuality, and money), but I think I can make the point with reference to the romance of the Kennedys.

Like every other editor in the country I have been besieged for years by people who offer to solve the riddle of the assassinations. They appear in the office with shopping bags stuffed with telephone bills, notes scrawled on the backs of envelopes, sworn affidavits from mediums or former CIA agents, ticket stubs from movie theaters in Dallas and San Diego, pieces of film, letters from prison, and government documents on which, in an illegible hand, a Cuban waiter misspelled the name of a restaurant in Mexico City. When arranged in the correct order (that order being known only to the correspondent with the shopping bag) the pieces of the puzzle fit together into proof of a conspiracy that would have baffled Machiavelli.

The more interesting line of approach has to do with the question of motive. Who wanted to kill the Kennedys and why? What were the Kennedys doing, either at home or abroad, that brought forth such certain and terrible vengeance? Is it possible that the Kennedys killed too many other people, that they destroyed too many women,



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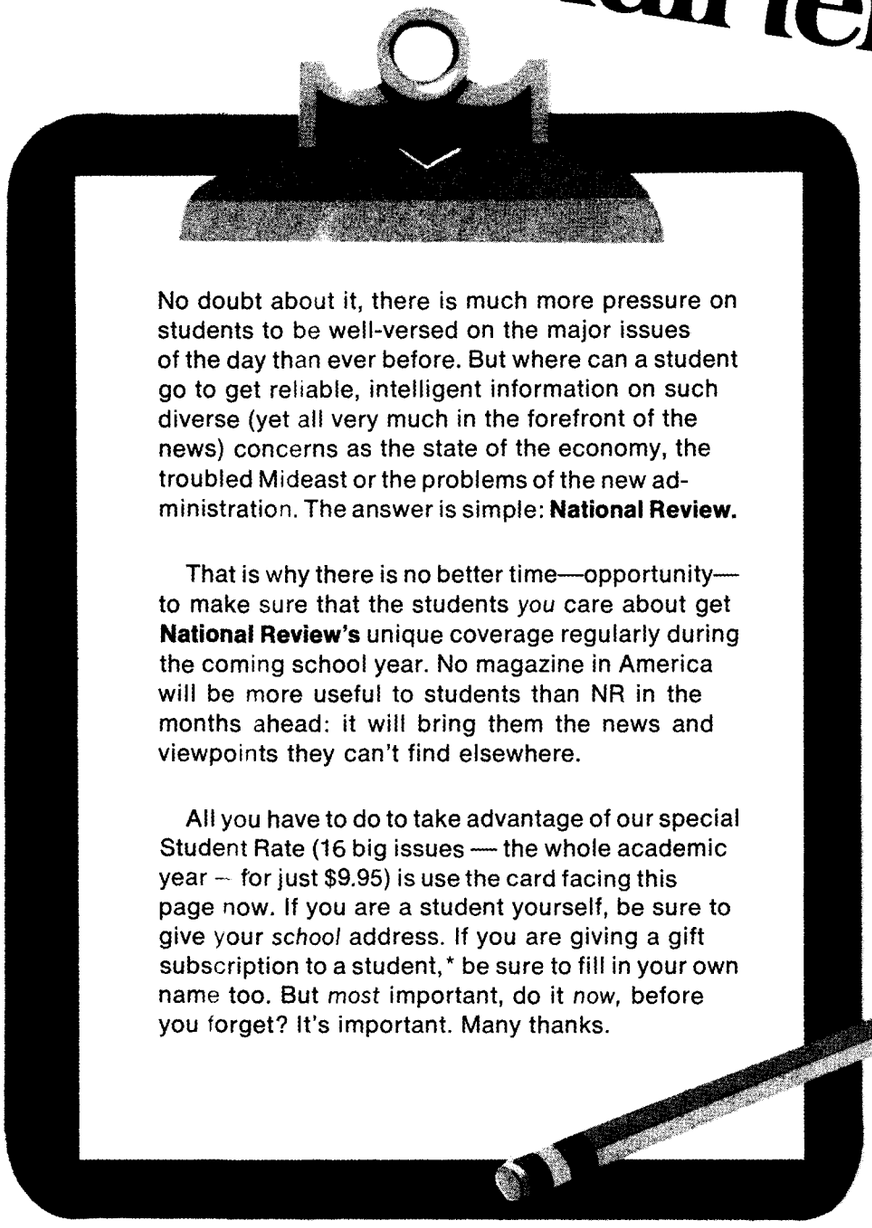

No doubt about it, there is much more pressure on students to be well-versed on the major issues of the day than ever before. But where can a student go to get reliable, intelligent information on such diverse (yet all very much in the forefront of the news) concerns as the state of the economy, the troubled Mideast or the problems of the new administration. The answer is simple: **National Review.**

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ruined too many lives? Whenever I present this speculation to a journalist of national rank (necessarily a journalist of rank because with a man of lesser reputation any subsequent article would be dismissed as absurd sensation-mongering) he admires the premise as if it were a prize dog in a show ring. He walks all around it, strokes it admiringly, and contributes a few affable remarks about the Kennedys as scoundrels and liars, but then, alas and unfortunately, he regrets that his obligation to wife and children forbids him to undertake such an assignment.

What he doesn't say is that if he began asking preliminary questions he would find himself shunned by the makers of polite opinion. Important people might suspect that he was unsound, and they would murmur the suspicion to one another in important places. Within a matter of months the journalist of rank would notice that his telephone calls were going unanswered and that the leaks from well-placed sources weren't as frequent or as accurate as they had been in the past. It would begin to be said that his books about the meaning of American society weren't quite as perceptive as had been thought at the time of their sale to the Literary Guild. Even worse, he might become known as somebody who had got himself trapped by a passionate conviction and thus couldn't gainsay himself when the fashion changed.

Under the weight of money the boredom of the intellectual classes expresses itself in the preoccupation with surfaces. Their discussions shift from questions of substance to questions of style, and they begin to wonder about the restorative possibilities in another war. Like the lawyer on Long Island they find most things too difficult to bother with, and so, in an age of marvelous discovery on the marches of human understanding (in such distant fields as biology, physics, linguistics, psychology, aerodynamics, etc.), they find it more convenient to write about themselves. People can say anything they want to say as long as they make it clear, either by their tone of voice or by means of a discreet aside, that they don't quite mean it. The voracious chic of the new journalism reduces all art and all science to an afternoon headline or a few minutes of gossip between trains.

If I seem pessimistic about the spiritlessness of the age, I should remind the reader that I am by trade an optimist. As an editor I have no choice but to believe in the hope of education and man's capacity to learn from his mistakes. It is a commonplace to say that the fault is to be found in the times, that the triumphs of democracy and industrialism have necessarily brought about the debasement of art and humanity. But this seems to me a poor argument. The times, like all other times, can be said to be the best of times and the worst of times. The play of ideas is never easy, seldom popular, and always regarded with suspicion by the established order. In the literary bazaars the pride of place customarily falls to fools and knaves, as witness Balzac's description of the milieu in the Paris of the 1830s or George Gissing's account of the same milieu in the London of the 1880s.

If fault must be found it can be found only in the failure of individual imaginations, in the unwillingness of this or that writer to take sides in the unoriginal, but nevertheless ceaseless, struggle between the freedom of mind and the oppression of material force. Conceiving the struggle along these lines I find only a limited use for the familiar distinctions between liberal and conservative, Left and Right, Democrat and Republican. If society can be understood as a field of relations between people of different interests, skills, and generations, then everybody has need of everybody else. The gradual evolution of the species depends upon people prepared to think for themselves, who can carry that much further into the future the burden not only of civilization but also of its discontents. □

*In This Wild Water: The Suppressed Poems of Robinson Jeffers*
*By James Shebl*
*Ward Ritchie Press, 123 pp., $9.95*

# THE BLUE PENCIL

## HUGH KENNER

This would have been a hot book 25 years ago. Close your eyes and see: Bennett Cerf testy, Robinson Jeffers projecting a carven silence, six Random House attorneys conferring on a statement, Mike Wallace salivating. In 1977 it's just a botch, unless you're enough of an Ansel Adams fan to forgive all for the sumptuous four-color jacket.

Mr. Shebl alleges that Random House (prolonged boos) forced the suppression of ten poems from Jeffers' 1948 volume *The Double Axe and Other Poems*; further, that the suppressed poems do finally make explicit what Jeffers thought about the cosmos. Your reward for hard work with Mr. Shebl's prose is to learn that neither allegation is sustained.

The suppression, first. The *Double Axe* typescript arrived at Random House on October 7, 1947. A week later RH editor Saxe Commins was writing to Jeffers, "terribly worried" by "the frequent damning references to President Roosevelt." He cited ten of these, and hoped, he said, "that for the sake of your book and the effect it will have that you can temper these references before we think of beginning composition."

This was meant, he said, "to be the friendliest of suggestions"; in no way "an attempt to intrude upon your rights as a free artist." Still, it went unanswered, and on December 4 he wrote again. They were getting out their spring catalogue, and needed "the revised manuscript of *The Double Axe*" for planning.

"The revised manuscript" implies an understanding that there was going to be one, but as to who said there would be Mr. Shebl leaves us in the dark. RH had published Jeffers several times before, and maybe knew that he always sent along an overhauled version; research might show, but doesn't seem to have been undertaken. Or maybe there was a phone call, unrecorded in the letter-file (did Jeffers even have a tele-

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phone in his tower?). Or letters may be missing. The question is not only unanswered, it's unnoticed.

At any rate a revised ms. did arrive in early '48, and Saxe Commins was almost happy with it if not quite (for one thing he didn't like Truman being described as "little," and Jeffers agreed to change the di-syllable "little" to the di-syllable "Harry").

That's all there is to build on, and on it Mr. Shebl builds a structure of allegations—I counted six—to the effect that "Random House assumed the role of guardian-censor . . . and removed ten poems from the original manuscript"; or (otherwise put) that Random House asked Jeffers to delete these ten poems: the poems (to put it yet another way) "that Saxe Commins and Bennett Cerf excised from the manuscript."

Not to be picky, one wants to know what Mr. Shebl thinks happened; but he's too worked up to say. Did Cerf and Commins hold the blue pencil in their hot dual fist? Did they pressure Jeffers into infanticide? If the latter, did they designate the victims, or glare broad disapproval and leave the choice to him? Mr. Shebl seems to fancy all of the above. And, assuming no more evidence exists than he's given us, we've absolutely nothing to judge by except that 1) Saxe Commins disliked some remarks about FDR; 2) there are ten fewer poems in the published book than there were in the initial typescript, which scavengers for the Humanities Research Center in Texas slurped up some ten years ago.

(The Rooseveltian slurs pinpointed by Commins, incidentally, involve just four of the poems that disappeared, and pervade only one of them, "Wilson in Hell"; in the others they're confined to a word or two, no reason for a whole poem to be deleted by a poet who never seemed to mind changing a word or two.)

If you weren't trying to huff and puff a book out of these indications, you'd not likely think of suppression. You'd say in a sentence or two that Robinson Jeffers on second thought made ten deletions, and made them wisely. While he was at it he rearranged the volume's contents, something Mr. Shebl doesn't mention though it's evidence for careful rethinking of the sequence in the silent months after Commins' first letter.

As for the ten poems: No, I can't see that their omission cripples *The Double Axe*. Yes, they should be part of a Complete Jeffers, with due notation that he elected not to print them. They are explicit: he was an explicit poet. They amplify his proposition that humanity is "a moving lichen/On the cheek of the round stone," and that men make war because the species is warlike. (Lorenz and Ardrey have been heard from in the last twenty years, if not by Mr. Shebl.) And I don't see that the retrieved poems add anything to our knowledge of Jeffers' cosmology, though Mr. Shebl is adept at casting new darkness.

"The expunged poems," he writes, "emphasized and colored what has been so frequently misunderstood by Jeffers' readers: that inhumanism was an attitude, a means to an end; it was not an ultimatum." Cast a wondering eye on that word "colored"; reflect that "attitude" is perhaps more accurate than Mr. Shebl in his bemusement intends; and ask—no, it's pointless, you'd need to reread the book, which heaven spare you—I was going to say, ask to what end "inhumanism" is meant to be the means.

Jeffers at his most shrill wrote better than that, and his dust deserves better than to be blown into unwary eyes. Random House in those far-off years could be pretty silly; one remembers their deletion of Pound from an anthology, and their pretext that his poetry wasn't any good. The publishers' disclaimer they made Jeffers accept at the front of *The Double Axe* must bring a blush to the cheek of any executive who rereads it now. But they deserve, on the oblique showing of this book, neither blame nor praise for revisions Robinson Jeffers, so far as one can tell, initiated on his own. □

# ON THE SCREEN

## GENERAL NICE GUY

### M. J. SOBRAN JR.

*MacArthur* is mostly a replica of World War II (Pacific theater) and Korea. Grenades boom and flare and bodies somersault limply in the air. Machine guns sow quick deadly rows in the earth, and soldiers caught in them wince and flop down. Cannons cough dreadful fire; soaring planes gracefully drop death on vainly scampering homunculi below. And in close-up, bloody bandaged stumps of legs.

An orgy, in short, of Authentic Detail. Some of the action looks too authentic: apparently some real footage from the War has been spliced in, distractingly grainy. When MacArthur comes home, yanked from Korea by Harry Truman, original film clips of the huge parade are likewise interspersed with the close-ups of Gregory Peck as the hero. The viewer is thus made fatally conscious of legerdemain in the cutting room.

The flaw is not merely incidental. The film is a gigantic feat of mimicry, and an unsuccessful one, fastening too much on externals. Yes, Dan O'Herlihy looks like Roosevelt, jaunty, cynical, trying to charm his way out of a tight spot: but the real Roosevelt would at least have had the charm, and the presence, to pull it off—which O'Herlihy hasn't, largely because his energies, like the film's, have been devoted to counterfeiting particulars rather than imagining a whole. Ed Flanders, as Truman, does much better: he plays a character interesting in his own right, apart from performing a stunt of preternatural imitative skill. But even in his case the stunt overshadows the drama.

The soldiers' language is hemi-demisemi-salty: goddam, ass, shit, but never what my children call "the F-word"—reminding one that authenticity is subordinate to the imperatives of the PG rating. The sound effects were even more distracting: at Radio City Music Hall, where I saw the film, the really screaming sounds of battle came from behind my right shoulder, even though the action was confined to the



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screen; so that I would see a plane approach in front of me, but hear it coming from the balcony.

But the central defect in *MacArthur* is Gregory Peck. Though he has the nose for the part—handsomely hawk-like—his resemblance to Douglas MacArthur is superficial only. Even that, in a way, is unfortunate. Time and again one thinks one sees MacArthur from afar: the hat and glasses, the corncob pipe, the proud slouch with arms slightly out, like the wings of a great bird alighting. All the more incongruous when the camera moves in and reveals it to be—Peck. The disappointment is acute.

It almost hurts to criticize this actor because he is so patently sincere about it all, so nice. He always is, which is why he can't play an autocratic military genius. Peck couldn't act like a warrior without drinking Dr. Jekyll's home brew, or intimate mystical elevation without dropping acid. A kind father, a courtly (but not ardent) lover, the noblest Roman of 'em all—these are within his grasp. His MacArthur is a man whose integrity you would stick up for at a cocktail party, but he wouldn't move you to hurl tickertapes in a cheering frenzy, let alone die on the field of battle. Nor would Peck's MacArthur expect or accept such adulation. He is a pacifist *manqué*, dauntless, perhaps, but not at all daunting. Hence the film's allusions to MacArthur's ego (his delusions of grandeur, one might say, weren't delusions) ring false: Peck can't make "I shall return" sound ominous, only well-meaning; and when he wades ashore at the Philippines with the crack that he is proving he "can't walk on water," the self-mockery of it sounds super-erogatory—a little on the Uriah Heep side. In the farewell addresses Peck conveys eloquence and dignity with some power, but without conveying the stature of his man.

MacArthur, after all, *was* a genius, and the characteristic of genius is that it is salient. It tends toward the categorical, or assertive, as against the conditional, or suasive. Hence it is often uncivil, polarizing, electrifying. A colossal man like MacArthur rises *and* falls exactly because he refuses to compromise, exults in defiance. Even his use of what Richard Weaver called "spacious" rhetoric—terms like "Duty, Honor, Country"—was not unconsciously old-fashioned treacle, but a deliberate challenge to the low moral profile of an age of positivism. Peck, unfortunately, is the soul of reasonableness, and falls (one gathers) mostly because Truman is tetchy.

Misconceived as it is, and further marred by a synthetic ambivalence (bit parts are shoe-horned in, so that Ordinary People can present Differing Points of View about this Larger-than-Life Figure), the film comes to life in the second half, as the conflict with Truman gets boiling. The backstage clash of character proves far more absorbing than the din of battle, even if the characters in this case are somewhat smaller than in life. And what a relief to find a film about a military hero that shuns the affected mordancy about things military and heroic that is nowadays so fashionable in Hollywood. Odd that its moral should seem to be that nice guys finish last. □

# DELECTATIONS

## CARAMOOR

NIKA HAZELTON

Caramoor is a large estate in Katonah (in Westchester County, less than two hours' drivingtime from New York City) where every summer there is a splendid Festival for Music and Art. But the surroundings are as splendid as the Festival itself: a Spanish courtyard for operas and smaller concerts, and an open-air Venetian theater built around antique marble columns. Sitting (on chairs) on a grassy parterre, surrounded by majestic old trees of the kind the Druids would worship, we heard Mozart here a few weeks ago. Under the moon, we walked in romantic groves and gardens; oh to be 18 and in love!

The Caramoor Festival is widely known for producing unusual music in a very professional way. This year, there was a Benjamin Britten mini-festival including *The Rape of Lucretia*. Among the performers this season have been pianists Philippe Entremont and Mark Westcott, harpsichordist Igor Kipnis, the Waverly Consort playing Italian Renaissance music, and the Caramoor Festival Orchestra playing Viennese waltzes. Past seasons have featured Mozart's *Idomeneo*, Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas*, Handel's *Acis and Galatea*—you get the idea. But there are modern works as well (for instance, Beverly Sills has sung here in Poulenc's *Gloria*), and there have been memorable performances of nineteenth century standbys like *The Gypsy Baron* and *The Merry Widow*. And they are all first class.

BUT CARAMOOR is not only lovely music. The house is now a museum: the loveliest house-museum I have ever seen—fantasy come true—and the loveliest imaginable proof of what money can do when spent with taste and imagination. Caramoor is the creation of two extraordinary people, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Rosen; he a great international banker (good-looking too) and she, born Lucie Bigelow Dodge, a woman of great, delicate, and haunting beauty. Alas, they are no longer with us; it would have been marvelous to have seen them in person.

The Rosens lived for the arts. Arthur Rubenstein, Wanda Landowska, Bloch, Toscanini, Stokowski—all were their close friends. Mr. Rosen played the piano, and Mrs. Rosen, during the Thirties, puzzled the musical world with the Theremin, a fey electronic instrument invented by a Russian musician; she played it at both the Philadelphia Academy of Music and Carnegie Hall. In fact, the Caramoor Festival evolved from the music the Rosens listened to at home, with their friends; the outdoor Venetian theater was built only when they had outgrown the Great Music Room.

As great as Walter Rosen's passion for music was, his wife's was greater; the reverse was true for the visual arts. Mr. Rosen liked to live with beautiful things; the Venetian-type house is a shell that encloses a magical blend of the most diverse periods and styles of art. His passion for Italian palazzo furnishings dominates, but the house is a treasure-trove of Chinese art, cloisonné, French paneling, intricate iron doors, in fact every kind of *objet d'art*. In the Great Music Room, great in size and in treasures, there is a Spanish alcove from a fifteenth century castle near Toledo, a Lucas Cranach Mary Mag-



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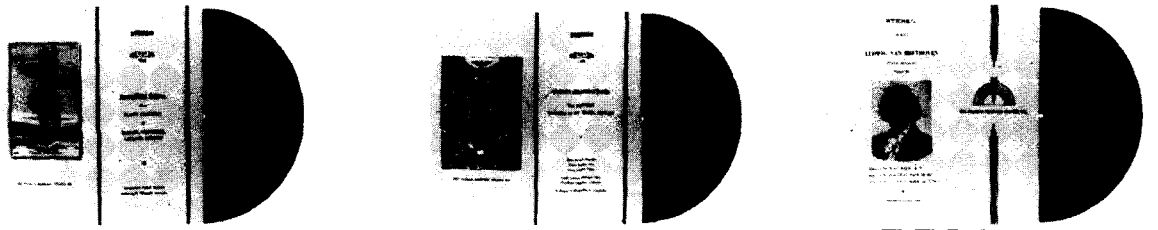

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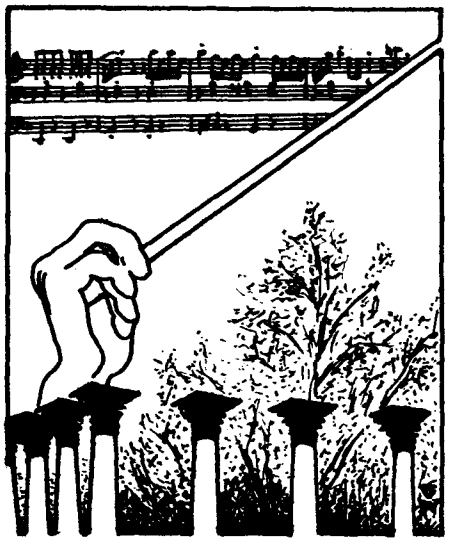
dalene with a very speculative look in her eyes (one of many fine pictures), and some extraordinary seventeenth century needlework chairs and sofas, to mention a very few things.

There is an unforgettable seventeenth century French library, glowing with pictures. In the reception room the furniture is eighteenth century green-and-gold-painted Venetian, against eighteenth century hand-painted Chinese wallpaper. In the dining room, the chairs are red lacquer Georgian chinoiserie. Mrs. Rosen's room contains an unbelievably monumental bed, carved, gilded, and painted for Pope Urban VIII, around 1640. To me, the single most beautiful object among the thousands at Caramoor is a Chinese screen: forty panels of translucent carved spinach-green jade, in their original carved and gilded teak frame.

MR. ROSEN'S possessions are wonderful. But what is more wonderful is that he was able to create with them such a totally livable house, meshing together different styles and periods and unrelated objects of every kind. This is a man's house; no woman would have made the same marriage of such diverse works of art. It is very touching, too, because it is so personal, and so private Mr. Rosen did not build a front door to his house—you enter through a little side door.

*How to Get There:* The Caramoor Festival runs from the end of June to the end of August; the events are advertised in the press. The house is open to the public on certain days, and by appointment to individuals and groups. Since there are seasonal changes, telephone before going: 914–232-4206. □



# The GIMLET EYE

## ROADSIDE AMERICA

### D. KEITH MANO

Dadgummit, gone four days with the six-year-old tad an' the 12-year-old tad an' the ageless woman on one o' your short-fuse auto-mobile tours. Come down with possum shock pretty near from all that roadside tubthump an' capital Big Letter billboard yawpin'. Seem it don't take half-much t'be a Grade A Large highway a-traction. Or a Rama. Fine business, the Rama. 'Bout one Rama evvy four, five miles, way I add it up. Standard stump-shout goes like so:

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Time like this, kinda wish the kids had dyslexia. Then.

YOU HAVE PASSED MAUD'S FAMOUS TWO-SNAKE SHOW. U TURN AT HAROLD'S WICKER BASKETORIUM.

Now the good Lord, mebbe He ain't blessed you with two rattlesnakes an' a Tastee-Freeze machine: still no 'ceptable reason you can't lay out some kind o' ramatorium. Herewith and below I list countless or at least four roadside fast-shuffles that never come up with the worm et off 'em.

1. Be a sect. Lessee: Alsatian Morganetic: that have a handsome clang to it. VISIT MORGANETIC COUNTRY. Don't count none if your sect makes mule-sense or not. Could be Morganetic men breastfeed their children. Your American traveler, he jes' loves t'see queer folk doin' queer things. Hash up some home-fresh FAMILY STYLE MORGANETIC COOKING: horsefly pie an' schwartzenkatuffles or what such. Don't signify if it taste like the underside of a pew or it pull old fillings clean out: America admires t'eat plug gruesome sect food. Also fash out your hired local color in authentic costumery: wood lederhosen and cardboard collars that choke a lot. Further-and-how you should be geared up t'manufacture something totally inconvenient but homeful. Perhap a broom wove together out of cat hair or a granite hat. Tourists adore t'watch ancient crafts bein' crafted by ancient folk in wood lederhosen. Mostly: appear dead devout when practicin' whatever it is you're devoted to. Ain't nothin'll amaze an American more'n hard-ass true faith. Makes 'em grateful t'hightail home where religion most never conflicts with the prime-time programmin'.

2. Rent a factory. Y'don't have t'perduce anything: jes' tours. F'rinstance, six million people have stepped it and fetched it around Hershey's Chocolate World—which got the stink of an old movie theater floor an' kin give acne at ten mile off. Brewery, cheesery, iron forge, they're bodacious good 'vestments. I had this fren put up a place called U.S. Moving Part And Flam: didn't make but the odd-shape hunk of metal, but folk fancied t'watch his 'quipment whomp out nothin' much step by careful step. Heck, they even bought some souvenir movin' parts t'show off back home. American people, why they relish the 'sembly line. See, they want t'be bull's-eye sure, when they scratch up change for chocolate or beer, that didn't jes' *happen* there. That some poor packhorse like theyself, with mortgage and Thursday night bowlin' ball, put in a solid eight-hour shift stringin' it all t'gether.

3. Caves. If you can't lease out the Wood Flong Corp. or 'suade three score people t'do somethin' queer an' de-vout—hell, then dig yourself up a largish hole. American folk, they hanker for goin' down in holes. Jes' rig out five, six stalagmites, plus some flowstone an' a pool or three. Cave guide palaver'll run like this: "Follow my flashlight. We call that our turtle formation. Took 15 billion year t'drip it t'gether. Only got one leg an' no head, also no shell whatever, so use your 'magination." Keep a Crockett sharp eye on your cave personnel: bein' underground all that time tend t'give them mole brains. Some ten year ago —I swear it—jes' the wife an' I went down inner a cave with this pretty young weevilhead. Well, turns out she been programmed t'talk oney at groups, not at people. Kept lookin' over our four shoulders, case mebbe she'd lost a straggler. Voice so bullhorn an' monotone it give me vibrations in the nose-bridge. "Now," she'd say, "if there are any young children here, bring them up



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front so as they can look at the Mickey Mouse Stalagmite." No way I could convince her there's jes' me an' my better seven-eighths. So we ended up actin' out her whole audience: fake children; fake oldsters that might need help; fake tall people that'd have t'duck down. But staff therapy aside, your cave is a cinch cash crop.

4. Battlefields. Lincoln were a foxy type President, but if'n he'd been real sharp, he'da made Grant and Lee go at it in evvy state of our then dis-Union. Kinda round robin for the national championship. War is hell profitable afterward. Gettysburg, Valley Forge, they might's well be part of the military-industrial complex. Now, if you can't stake out a pedigreed battlesite, there're plenty apocryphal skirmishes around. Your American tourist, he seem t'appreciate bein' where it was even more'n bein' where it's at. Probly's what hotted up that Kent State gymnasium hoo-haw. Bet some enner-preneur 'ready had signs t'say BUS TOURAMA. RELIVE HORRID STUDENT MASSACRE. Right tough t'carry that act off at the bottom of a Olympic-size swimmin' pool.

I'd shape up some nother swell Ramas, if'n I wasn't 'bout t'run head-on inner that there book review down below: dinosaur footprints an' done-over houses-where-John-Hancock-may-have-relieved-hisself. Mind now, I ain't bein' ornery. Shucks, drag-tail home, I got plugged inner a traffic jam not one half mile from my house. Powerful tourist attraction there: Brotherhood Winery. Must lower my real estate taxes by a bottle of Chablis or so. Yessir, I done my bit; now others was doin' it for me. I reckon, any summer day, half America is on exhibit for the other half. □

# BOOKS IN BRIEF

UNITY MITFORD: *An Enquiry into Her Life and the Frivolity of Evil, by David Pryce-Jones (Dial Press, 292 pp., $9.95).* If there are any who don't know—and there's no reason why anyone should know unless he or she is old enough to have been reading newspapers in the late 1930s, or belongs to the probably larger group of adult readers who are today's Hitler buffs—Unity Valkyrie Freeman-Mitford was that one of the six notorious daughters of Lord and Lady Redesdale who expressed her rebellion against parental stupidity by becoming a rabid Nazi. Since the catastrophic events that followed Chamberlain's reluctant declaration of war on September 3, 1939 tended to make Unity's particular extremism less socially acceptable than her younger sister's Communism or her older sister's British Fascism, she has become a sort of minor vampire among yesteryear's Forces of Darkness. An absurdity. For as one reviewer has already pointed out, Mr. Pryce-Jones' subtitle should have read not "the frivolity of evil" but "the evil of frivolity." There were not a few high-spirited, dim-witted society girls a century earlier who threw themselves at the feet of Napoleon, Lord Byron, and Simón Bolívar. In later, worse, times, Unity Mitford had the misfortune to fall in

love with a romantic hero who was not only sexually impotent but psychically so warped that he was able to make a whole race the scapegoat for his early deprivations. The author reconstructs the chain of events that led up to the infatuated girl's attempted suicide on that September 3 with long quotes from the dozens of surviving friends and eyewitnesses, producing in the process a great deal of needless repetition and confusing chronology. Yet such is the ingenuity of his painstaking detective work, and the intrinsic fascination of that nightmarish decade that came so close to destroying Western civilization, that one reads to the end. And not without profit. The portrait of Hitler that emerges is more believable and revealing than most of what the historians have provided. Focusing on the Führer's pleasure in the English girl's company, and his solicitude for her care during her last days in Germany, it is even a sympathetic portrait. Yet it is all of a piece with the dictator's sick personality, as the author acutely observes: "In Munich Hitler was still the hopeful bohemian who would not drag himself off to bed, nor attend to business in the morning. In Munich he was the coffee-house maestro, out to harvest his due applause in person. His vanity, his fitfulness, created a vacuum around him, and Unity rushed into it, one might-have-been artist to another. . . . What she and Hitler recognized in one another at the most profound level, one feels, is that neither of them was capable of the kind of complete relationship which involves identifying with someone else. Their mutual feelings had warmth and stamina precisely because nothing could come from them. Circumstances prohibited the actual bodily contact both dreaded while needing to overcome that dread in themselves. Day after obsessive day in the Osteria Bavaria [café], Unity was acting a lady's version of a prostitute, waiting for the pickup. In one respect he was a historical Big Daddy, patting the heads of blond children, and in another respect he was a final item in an intimate treasure hunt, the object which could never be brought home. Finally, as the lover who never was, he could fulfill a false madonna ideal which seems a perfect projection of barren Swinbrook. She did not have to restrain herself from what was, so to speak, a masturbation of the spirit."

SELDEN RODMAN

CERTAIN PEOPLE: *America's Black Elite, by Stephen Birmingham (Little, Brown, 301 pp., $8.95).* Although it is overly anecdotal and sometimes banal ("Many blacks, meanwhile, correct protruding teeth with orthodonture"; whites, presumably, do it with witchcraft), this latest book by the chronicler of the nation's upper-crust Jews, WASPs, and Irish exactly hits the mark, differentiating the "Negroes"—as the group he is writing about much prefers to be called—from the "blacks," and shrewdly depicting the vanities, accomplishments, and attitudes of that segment of Afro-Americans, the one currently least attended to by the general mass media. Mr. Birmingham has visited them all: the two great Johnsons of Chicago's Negro community (George of the cosmetics empire, and John of *Ebony* and kindred publications); the mulattos who claim illustrious white ancestors (like Senator Edward Brooke, descendant of Thomas Jefferson—he says); the largely unsung heroes and heroines of accommodation, who probably have done more to improve race relations than most of the more famous firebrands. Although *Certain People* lacks any but the most superficial theoretical framework, and has suffered at the hands of many reviewers because of this, it is a remarkably accurate depiction of the styles and values of those Negroes who stand at the apex of the American black populace. This is a book that will hurt, like Negro sociologist E. Franklin Frazier's pioneering study, *The Black Bourgeoisie*, but the pain is the shock of recognition. By and large these are deracinated men and women, vulgar by upper-class white standards, tormented by their ambivalence toward their mixed ancestry and their lack of acceptance by the white and black communities alike, but remarkably courageous in many ways. America's Negroes are fundamentally divided by income, color, attitudes, and education; and Birmingham has performed a great service by giving contemporary attention to many of those who, were they Caucasian, would easily be recognized as national leaders. Reading between the lines, one discerns another facet of racism in this country and meets a largely unknown, but fascinating, group of American doers.

DAVID BRUDNOY



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# Dark Horses

M. STANTON EVANS

THERE'S NO ACCOUNTING for national tastes. Cinema critics in France, we are informed, consider the slapstick films of Jerry Lewis to be artistic triumphs. In similar fashion, American wit and raconteur John Kenneth Galbraith is apparently viewed in England as a major economist, and is invited in that capacity to address the most distinguished gatherings and to host TV serials on economics.

This quirk of cultural relativism led puzzled students of such matters at the Institute for Economic Affairs in London to ask an authentic American economist, Nobel laureate Milton Friedman, to examine the Galbraith phenomenon before a British audience. The resulting discussion appears in printed form as *Friedman on Galbraith*, published in England by the IEA and made available on this side of the Atlantic by the Fraser Institute of Canada (626 Bute Street, Vancouver, British Columbia, V6E 3M1; $3.95).

Professor Friedman attacks the subject with his usual clarity and gusto, and establishes in short order that Galbraith's leading ideas—countervailing power, the impoverishment of "the public sector," immunity of the "technostructure" from market forces—are without empirical basis. For this reason, Friedman observes, they are also without appreciable support in the profession—a point confirmed by reproduction throughout the book of criticisms by economists of Galbraith's various peculiar notions. Friedman opines that Galbraith is more concerned with dogma than with science, and traces his popularity to public hunger for economic devil theories.

This volume contains one other Friedman address before the IEA, wherein the Chicago economist prescribes shock treatment for Britain's troubled economy, including drastic cuts in government spending, a slowdown of monetary expansion, and a general reduction in the tax rate. Related prescriptions for the United States were the subject of *Adam Smith's Relevance for 1976*, Milton Friedman's remarks last summer to the Mont Pelerin Society commemorating the two hundredth anniversary of *The Wealth of Nations*. A revised version of that talk will be published in NATIONAL REVIEW in the near future.

Readers who like to watch a master economist dismantle collectivist error will also enjoy *The Exploitation Theory of Socialism-Communism*, by Eugen von Böhm-Bawerk, translated and with an introduction by Hans Sennholz (Libertarian Press, P. O. Box 218, South Holland, Illinois 60473; $3.95). Here the great spokesman for the Austrian neo-classical school demolishes the labor theory of value expounded by Marx and others, and proves that the entire colossal edifice of socialist complaint concerning "exploitation" is premised on a fallacy.

THIS VOLUME is an extract from Böhm-Bawerk's monumental *Capital and Interest*, which sets forth such insights as the subjective nature of economic value, the concept of marginal utility, interest as a function of time preference, and other precepts of neoclassical economics. The author shows that the labor theory cannot account for gifts of nature, the value of rare goods, the productive superiority of skilled to unskilled labor, or other aspects of economic value which manifestly do not derive from simple quantities of labor. From which it follows that collectivist teachings about the injustice of income derived from interest, rent, and other "non-labor" sources are mistaken.

Indeed, as Böhm-Bawerk shows, the theory is so obviously wrong that one is baffled by Marx's fanatic adherence to it and by its subsequent widespread acceptance. The point is identical to that made by Professor Friedman: such notions are the product of dogmatic ideology. And they flourish, not because they are the stuff of proper economics, but because they cater so well to ignorance and envy. □


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### DEMPSEY

(Continued from page 1052)

care more about the people who are being savaged than about the looters.

Next came M. Stanton Evans and George Nash—with *NR*'s Joe Sobran as moderator—speaking on the plight of the conservative intellectual. Evans was relatively sanguine, but Nash—one of the best and most thoughtful speakers at the convention—warned that conservatives can no longer be satisfied to be gadflies and critics. He found it disturbing that the public today is least persuaded by the anti-Communist strand of conservative thought. This failure, given recent European developments, may be fatal.

Then came the internal housekeeping business of nominating candidates for the National Board—a process that entailed lots of confetti, parades, marches, noise, and high-flown rhetoric, but not much suspense, since the results were pretty well a foregone conclusion.

*Saturday, August 27*—Today began much as Friday had ended: a bit less noise; a more civil crowd; but the confetti and the rhetoric were the same. Eventually John Buckley of Virginia (a cousin of sorts to WFB and JLB) was elected national chairman, succeeding Jeff Kane; and Ron Robinson was elected executive director, succeeding Frank Donatelli.

As the Reagan speech on Thursday had been the political high point of the convention, the Buckley Roast on Saturday was the theatrical high point, with Dave Keene, Stan Evans, Henry Kissinger, Henry Hyde, Mike Wallace, and Allard Lowenstein doing the roasting, and William Rusher as emcee. The roastee (WFB) actually took a bit less heat than some of the roasters, since a common line was: Bill Buckley's a terrific guy but I wonder about some of his friends—like Al Lowenstein and Henry Kissinger.

A long, tumultuous evening; here are a few highlights. Stan Evans, so humorless on the Friday morning panel, is transformed into a raconteur *par excellence*. It's a conservative myth, said Evans, that Bill Buckley went to Yale. In fact, said Evans, when I first met him, Bill had a duck-tail haircut and ran a car wash in New Haven. (Seeing that he had promise, someone later arranged to give him an accent and a background.) At Buckley's urging, Evans started a conservative group on campus; its first act was to have a purge. The club had only one entrance requirement: members had to support, without question, the goals and the methods of Senator [Joe] McCarthy. I was a little idealistic in those days, said Evans, but I've since moved right.

Henry Kissinger—who said that he and WFB have many things in common: they can both talk for ten minutes without using a verb, they both have an accent—was mostly serious, telling YAF that he wished more of their passion had been channeled into demanding arms for Angola, Turkey, and Vietnam.

Allard Lowenstein was serious too, but he and Bill Rusher had the best running gag of the evening. Rusher introduced Lowenstein as "our ambassador to UNESCO in Geneva; and I sleep better knowing that he's in Switzerland." Replied Mr. Lowenstein: "I'm not in UNESCO; which isn't in Switzerland, it's in Paris; but I'm glad that Bill Rusher is sleeping better."

Mike Wallace (inadvertently) got the biggest reaction of the evening. He wants to show how far-out Buckley used to be and rakes up their first interview: it was around 1958, he says, and he asked Buckley what he would do to improve our foreign policy. Well, Buckley said, I'd invade Albania, I'd unite Korea, I'd unite Germany . . . The crowd starts to cheer, and Buckley leans over to Henry Kissinger (it *looked* as if he was saying: Hey, that sounds like a good idea!). The crowd is still cheering; Buckley gets up and does the victory sign, hands clasped high; the crowd goes wild . . .

Then, a final dig at Kissinger. Bill Rusher had mentioned that, since John Buckley's election made for an awful lot of Buckleys in the conservative movement, WFB was going to change his name to William F. Solzhenitsyn. But how—asked Buckley, when it was finally his turn to reply—would I then get in touch with Henry Kissinger? WFB's closing remarks were a fantasy about the (John) Buckley White House. In such an Administration, he said, "Congressman Hyde will be serving as Secretary of the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare; Bill Rusher will advise us that John's incumbency is surely the last gasp of the Republican Party, thereafter empathetically contributing his own last gasp. Stan Evans will head up a brand new Department as Secretary of Dissolution. Mike Wallace will be the White House Exegete; Al Lowenstein, who arrived a day late for the Inaugural, will serve as International Crisis Coordinator; and Henry Kissinger and I will announce our retirement, and stroll off together to Olympus, our unsubsidized old people's home."

SUNDAY, AUGUST 28—A time for judgments.

The convention proved that YAF is very much alive both financially and politically. Yet this convention was only half as large as the Washington convention of 1973, although that convention occurred at the height of Watergate and this one occurred less than a year after Reagan's catalytic campaign for the White House.

YAF has a well-edited magazine and an abundance of interesting literature; it has run some effective newspaper ad campaigns. What it needs is more bodies, and they are best recruited by local chapters. More of YAF's financial resources should be poured into chapter development, even if this means drawing them away from other projects. On to '79! ☐



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**COHEN**

(Continued from page 104)

kicks out of mass media publicity, but when it really counted—in front of the JCAE—we made fools of them. But they learned how to deal with the public, and even picked up public sympathy as Davids fighting Goliath. They built up sources of financial support to the point where they now can lure away defectors with comfortable salary offers. They developed mass media contacts and kept pecking away at the JCAE system that buffered us.

And now they have succeeded in breaking that system. Suddenly, we find our highly complex scientific and technical issues being judged by the man in the street. Our forums for discussion are no longer scientific journals but newspapers and TV programs that demand three-sentence explanations of every issue, and even these are often edited before reaching the public. Opponents of nuclear development have much more experience with the media than we, its defenders, and they have an inherent advantage: any editor or TV producer knows he can get a better audience for a story saying that thousands of people are going to be killed than for one giving a scientific explanation of why it isn't so. The public realizes that it must depend on scientists for information, but every scientist is given equal credibility, whether or not he knows anything about our specialty —and the great majority do not. The opposition got the signatures of 2,300 of these scientists (including sociologists, psychologists, dentists, and the family eye doctor) on their petition expressing concern about nuclear power; their petition campaign spent thousands of dollars, and got extensive press coverage. We collected 50,000 scientists' signatures on a privately circulated petition supporting nuclear power, but got almost no press coverage. Nuclear power was officially endorsed by several large scientific and engineering societies, but again no press coverage. To the man in the street, scientists are split on the issue.

Our country is just beginning to bleed from energy shortages, and things are bound to get much worse. Indeed they may well be fatal to our political and economic systems. Our magic substance can save us, but it doesn't seem to be "in the cards." A great American tragedy is in the making. □


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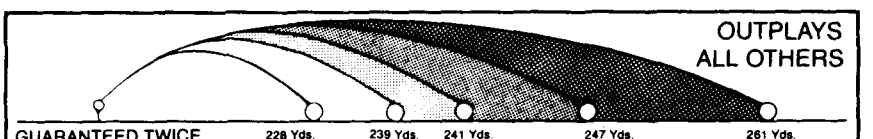
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# China and Panama: The Connection

**On The Right**

*New York*, Aug. 29—Some will recall the landing of President Nixon in Peking in February of 1972. The Chinese know how to fine-tune their hospitality, and on this occasion the eighty reporters (that was the limit imposed by the Chinese authorities) rushed to the airport to be present for the historic landing. We looked about for the expected crowds. There was no one—a small honor guard, a few dozen Chinese officials including Chou En-lai (not Mao Tse-tung). To one reporter who expressed amazement at the insolently meager reception, another one cracked: "But don't you understand? That's all the Chinese that were left after the Cultural Revolution."

In the days ahead, things warmed up, particularly after Mao Tse-tung consented to meet briefly with Nixon, and the papers the next day featured photographs of the baptismal encounter. Mr. Nixon went on, in the toasts he delivered on the ensuing evenings, to compare Mao Tse-tung to the rising sun, the full moon, and the aurora borealis. Granted Mao had heard these comparisons made about himself before, but in these matters redundancy does not matter. Indeed, as fate would have it, within a very few years Richard Nixon had arrived at a political station whence he would find it difficult to get an appointment with the mayor of San Diego. But Mao Tse-tung sent over his own jet to bring Nixon back to Peking for another visit.

President Carter's representative has been put through the same kind of wringer. Until 24 hours before the departure of Secretary Vance, he was not even vouchsafed the knowledge that the chairman of the Communist Party, Hua Kuo-feng, would deign to meet with him. The suspense became unbearable. One had the impression, well into the trip, that if Hua Kuo-feng had given Mr. Vance an appointment for early September, Mr. Vance would have settled down in Peking to await the great occasion.

When Mr. Vance presided over the ritual dinner at the Great Hall of the People, Chairman Hua did not bother to attend. And the official Chinese news agency described the meeting between Chairman Hua and Secretary Vance as "serious and candid," which is the Mandarin equivalent of "very satisfactory" as a rating given to a soldier by the Army.

WHY DO WE do it? If China wants to "normalize" relations with the United States, why don't they stop their musical chairs long enough to send over the top dog to Washington to discuss the matter? Mr. Nixon went to China, Secretary Kissinger kept an extra wardrobe over there, President Ford went over there, now Vance: why don't they come over here? Why should the desire for American-Chinese normalization exceed the desire for Chinese-American normalization? What do we have that weighs so heavy on our conscience? We don't tell the Taiwanese what to do—it is the Chinese who seek to do so. We do not have a common border with the Russians, it is the Chinese who do. We are not wracked by hunger and upheaval, that is a Chinese problem. We don't have a proletariat that needs to work two months to make enough money to buy a bicycle, having first got hold of the necessary permit. We export our grain, not import it. Our technology is the best of the superpowers', not the worst. Why are we over there begging for an opportunity to temporize on our commitment to a non-violent future for Taiwan?

President Carter should consider these points in the light of the troubles he faces with the new Panama Canal treaty. It is very difficult to criticize that treaty, and I warrant that the source of such resentment to it as there is arises from the notion that we are being, as usual, pushed around. The whole episode in China reinforces that impression. Mr. Carter could correct that impression significantly by a few blunt statements about Taiwan and China. □

**HITLER AND THE REVISIONISTS**

*New York*, Aug. 22—John Lukacs has written a stirring message to American conservatives [*NR*, Aug. 19] warning against a massive attempt to rehabilitate Adolf Hitler. This effort has been undertaken by the British writer David Irving, in the book *Hitler's War*, which is the cause of a roaring controversy in Great Britain and Europe and a considerable controversy here. John Lukacs is a greatly talented historian, a man of conservative disposition who feels he has a stake in the hygiene of the conservative movement and worries that such a book as David Irving's will have a harmful influence on conservatives.

Why? Because—he explains—most conservatives of the older generation opposed American intervention in the Second World War. In the group that opposed that intervention there is a division. One set did so because they were traditionally opposed to meddling in foreign wars, had not forgotten the futility of the First World War, and were horrified at the thought of an alliance with the Soviet Union. But a few others—and John Lukacs names Charles Lindbergh among them—admired Hitler's regime, and thought it simply a bad idea to make war on it.

This is clearly the position of historian David Irving. His book, in the opinion of Lukacs, is a major act of



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historical irresponsibility: "*Hitler's War*, unlike Irving's earlier works, contains hundreds of errors: wrong names, wrong dates, and, what is worse, statements about events, including battles, that did not really take place. These errors, however, are not the result of inadequate research; they are not technical mistakes or oversights. They are the result of the dominant tendency of the author's mind." Lukacs is horrified at the prospect that Irving will persuade conservatives eager for retroactive justification that Hitler was really okay, it was Hitler's associates who were so evil. David Irving denies there is any documentary evidence linking Hitler directly with the program to exterminate the Jews.

IT IS TRUE that up until a point late in the Thirties, many who were isolationists were making excuses for Hitler, the psychological purpose being the obvious one of preventing an inflammation of public sentiment against him lest we be stampeded into war. The other side engaged in the same kind of thing with respect to Stalin, who was held to be innocent of all the heinous charges leveled against him. Indeed the lionization of Stalin among the American Left collapsed only when Khrushchev himself decided to topple the myth in 1956. It is a recurrent phenomenon. Many protestors against the Vietnam War draped themselves in the flag of North Vietnam, and chanted praises to Ho Chi Minh; and such as Ramsey Clark and Jane Fonda lectured to American audiences about the humane treatment of U.S. prisoners of war in Hanoi.

But here is a point that Lukacs misses. What one should despise is that which is associated with Hitler, most spectacularly his genocidal policies. In the last analysis it makes very little difference whether the idea of killing a race of people originated in Hitler's mind, or even whether he was the man responsible for executing that mission. What does matter is that those policies should continue to be abominated. I am persuaded that Hitler was personally responsible. But I am not in the least frightened by any hypothetical possibility that a David Irving should end by proving Hitler personally innocent: *so long as the evil of what was done is accepted as evil.*

Where you get into trouble is with those who explain that it was in fact necessary to deal thus with Germany's Jews; or that Stalin could hardly be blamed for cracking a few eggs in order to make an omelette. It is the apologists for the deeds, rather than the revisionists who desire to shift the allocation of blame, that we need to watch. Since there is none of this going on with respect to Hitlerism, David Irving's book, however misleading, does not greatly disturb the moral waters. □

## REFLECTIONS ON TOBACCO SMOKE

*New York*, Aug. 26—"Smoking, or non-smoking?"

"I don't smoke. But I don't care if you put me in the smoking section."

So far as I know there isn't a key the attendant can depress that asks the computer to weigh the passenger's priority in just this way. You are traveling alone, and as usual overflowing with briefcases full of work undone. It would be very useful if the seat next to you were unoccupied, so you could slurp your papers over onto it. But by saying you are a non-smoker, you may find that you are traveling with a delegation of non-smokers on an air purification pilgrimage, and that you are wedged between two of them—while up ahead in the smoking section there are seats to spare. Try to communicate this to the busy lady at the counter. Very difficult. It is easier to oblige men and women of emphatic positions on smoking, civil rights, air pollution, Vietnam, whatever.

There is no question that the anti-smokers are feeling their fledgling strength. I have always been aware of the high conviction of the truly dedicated non-smoker, my father having been one. His feelings on the subject were very strong. He grew up in the age of Lucy Page Gaston. This was the lady who ran for President of the United States as head of the Anti-Cigarette League of America. She discovered that cigarettes had a thing called "furfural." Furfural is somewhere described as a "colorless aromatic, volatile, oily compound formed by distilling bran and the like with sulphuric acid." That certainly sounds bad, and Miss Gaston believed it to be critically bad, "fifty times as poisonous as ordinary alcohol." Miss Gaston spent most of her life trying to extract out of innocent young boys a subscription to the Clean Life Pledge, and she carried Clean Life buttons to reward the conscripts. "A boy is a great stickler for honor," she said. "Once he has signed our pledge, he would cut off his hand before he would break it."

We all know that Miss Gaston's crusade was unsuccessful, and indeed it is well known now that worse things than furfural have been found in cigarette tobacco, including c-rc-n-g-n-c agents: still smoking increases. But the drive against smoking isn't spearheaded these days by the likes of Lucy Page Gaston, who tell you that you will die a horrible death if you smoke cigarettes, that they will destroy your red corpuscles, rob the body of its vitality and the mind of its keenness, shatter the nerves, dim the vision, impair the memory, weaken the willpower, and ruin the prospects of success. The only effective lobby against the smokers is the nascent lobby of those who are offended by the smell of cigarette tobacco smoke and demand sanctuary from it.

How far is it reasonable to ask that they be obliged?

Inevitably, one has to oblige the most demanding member of a lobby. Either there is a right to be protected from cigarette smoke or there isn't. The man who doesn't smoke but doesn't much care whether others do is increasingly a social nuisance, as is the man who, asked what he wants to drink, replies, "Anything." It is better to ask for a méringue glacée sour, than for "anything." And as, increasingly, one is asked whether one smokes or does not, in the airports, in the movie houses, in the occasional restaurant, you have to be emphatic. If you, an abstainer, travel about with your wife, a smoker, the rule is as easy as the predominant male pronoun governing the gender in Latin languages: you head for the table of smokers. But there again, it becomes unfair, because some people do not mind, and others mind greatly. I have not heard of its happening, but it would not be surprising to read that the law acknowledges as a case of sundering incompatibility the spouse who complains to the court that his partner smokes cigarettes.

Is there a moral? Yes, it is this: for heaven's sake keep the government out of the way. Let the airlines, the restaurants, the steamships, the bus companies handle the problem. They will devise flexible policies, to oblige those who demand protection from cigarette smokers and those for whom protection is a mere velleity. The authority of the state should extend only to airless public places like subway cars and lunar modules. Lucy Page Gaston would not be satisfied, but then as Trotsky said about violence—if you don't like it, you picked the wrong century to be born in—this is a bad century for people who object to tobacco smoke. □

**(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)**



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# Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

## DIRECTIONS

A. Key in which a sailor might sing during a storm — 43 171 125 194 107 80 177

B. National tennis champion, 1931, 1932 — 73 110 19 35 4 63 131 154 157 99 / 23 200 144 38

C. A type of masonry using stones of irregular sizes and shapes — 87 2 74 123 129 168 11 68 34 184

D. Language used in Erin between the 11th and 15th centuries — 108 9 93 122 196 39 53 64 98 25 / 113

E. Confused — 120 8 213 159 83 142

F. Town in Rockingham County, N. H. — 133 5 13 28 66 164 215 220 228 45 / 49 94 117 135 32 41

G. Town in Marshall County, Okla. — 145 22 62 224 12 17 51 72 58 181 / 188 199

H. Adam's occupation — 152 109 3 173 85 119 100 163 134

I. A month full of charm — 52 77 84 193 15

J. The part of a ship's stern on which its name appears — 162 54 169 44 81 183 165 75 30 218

K. By passing our debts on to our children we are committing economic _____ — 166 121 18 146 149 210 217 126 140 160 / 175

L. Built a nest — 176 27 130 158 31 37 138 150 219 55 / 137

M. When the last of the laborers were sent to the vineyard (*Matt.* 20:6) — 191 92 118 21 29 50 59 127 139 71 / 151 174

N. A cowboy — 198 86 178 89 222 209 182 104 189

O. What a hospital attendant must be — 1 6 36 47 56 70 67

P. Making of no value or consequence — 204 78 111 115 103 69 216 124 147 102

Q. What an experienced actor might call *Peter Pan* — 76 170 187 206 148 61 26 7 40 155

R. The first Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare — 82 136 180 201 16

S. CAN THEY OIL? — 91 101 156 186 20 211 221 42 227 57

T. It's a sign of welcome when this hangs out — 97 33 65 112 153 10 167 190 195 212 / 46

U. A short-barreled pocket pistol — 116 88 48 226 128 192 208 95 143

V. Corrupting throughout — 161 105 179 197 141 114 96 205

W. One who evicts from property — 223 214 132 185 14 225 202

X. If you asked me to join this guy, I'd say "Nothing doing!" — 24 60 90 203 172 207 79 106

## DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1070 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

| | | 1 0 | 2 C | 3 H | | 4 B | 5 F | 6 O | 7 Q | 8 L | | 9 D | 10 T | | 11 C | 12 G | 13 F | 14 W | 15 I |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 16 R | | 17 G | 18 K | | 19 B | 20 S | 21 M | 22 G | | 23 B | 24 X | | 25 D | 26 Q | 27 L | 28 F | 29 M | | 30 J |
| 31 L | | 32 F | 33 T | 34 C | 35 B | | 36 O | 37 L | 38 B | 39 D | 40 Q | 41 F | 42 S | | 43 A | 44 J | 45 F | 46 T | 47 O |
| 48 U | | 49 F | 50 M | 51 G | | 52 I | 53 D | 54 J | 55 L | 56 O | 57 S | | 58 G | 59 M | | 60 X | 61 Q | | 62 G |
| 63 B | 64 D | 65 T | 66 F | 67 O | | 68 C | 69 P | | 70 O | 71 M | 72 G | 73 B | | 74 C | 75 J | 76 Q | 77 I | 78 P | 79 X |
| 80 A | | 81 J | 82 R | 83 E | 84 I | 85 H | | 86 N | 87 C | 88 U | | 89 N | 90 X | 91 S | 92 M | 93 D | 94 F | 95 U | 96 V |
| | 97 T | 98 D | 99 B | 100H | 101S | 102P | | 103P | 104N | | 105V | 106X | | 107A | 108D | 109H | 110B | 111P | |
| 112T | 113D | 114V | 115P | 116U | 117F | 118M | 119H | | 120D | 121K | 122D | | 123C | 124P | 125A | | 126K | 127M | 128U |
| 129C | 130L | 131B | 132W | 133F | | 134H | 135F | 136R | 137L | | 138L | 139M | 140K | 141V | 142E | 143U | 144B | 145G | |
| 146K | 147P | 148Q | | 149K | 150L | 151M | 152H | 153T | 154B | 155Q | | 156S | 157B | 158L | 159E | 160K | 161V | 162J | 163H |
| | 164F | 165J | 166K | 167T | 168C | | 169J | 170Q | 171A | 172X | 173H | 174M | 175K | 176L | | 177A | 178N | 179V | |
| 180R | 181G | 182N | 183J | 184C | | 185W | 186S | 187Q | 188G | 189N | 190T | 191M | 192U | | 193I | 194A | 195T | 196D | 197V |
| 198N | 199G | 200B | | 201R | 202W | 203X | 204P | 205V | | 206Q | 207X | 208U | 209N | 210K | | 211S | 212T | 213E | |
| 214W | 215F | 216P | | 217K | 218J | 219L | 220F | | 221S | 222N | 223W | | 224G | 225W | 226U | 227S | 228F | | |



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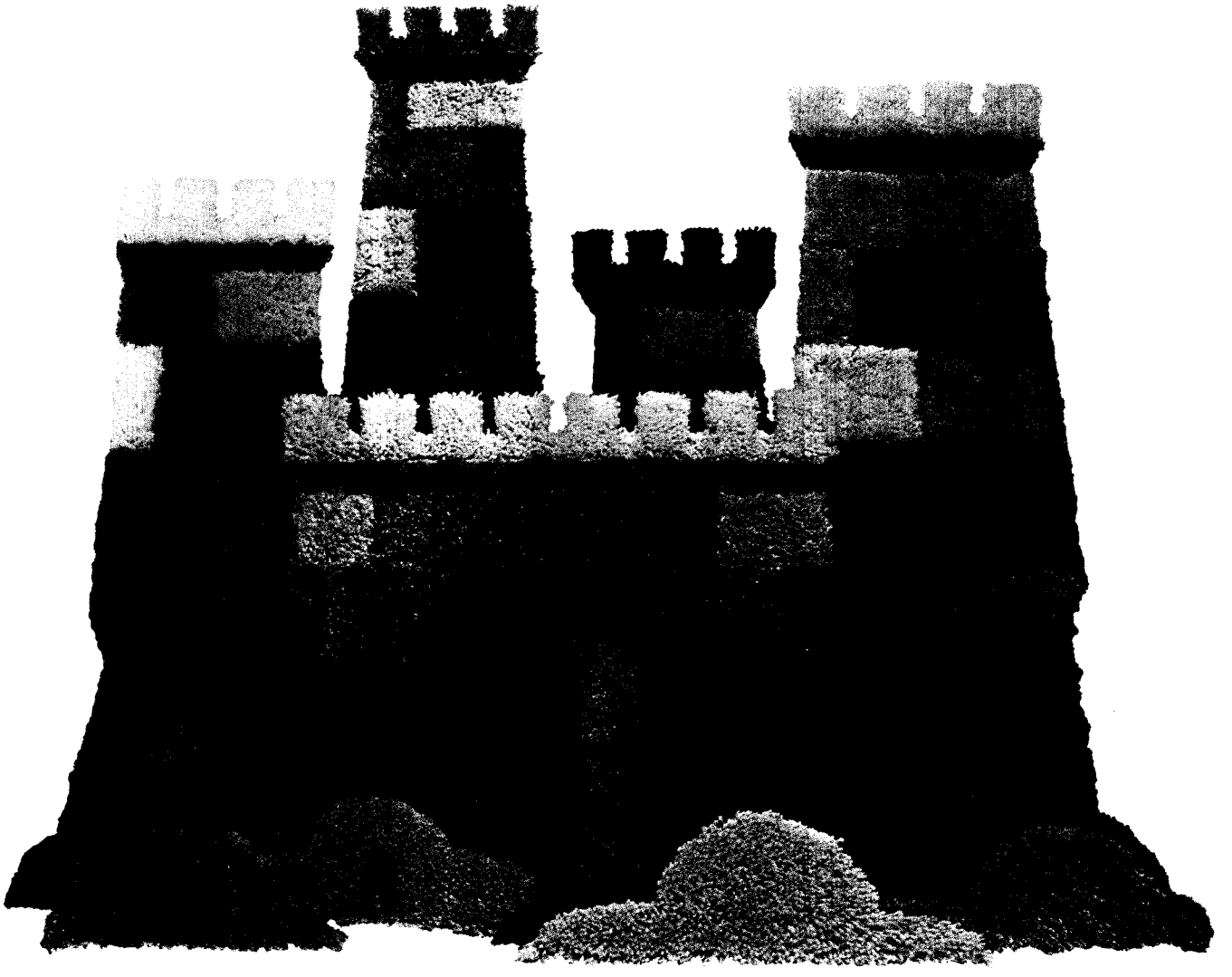

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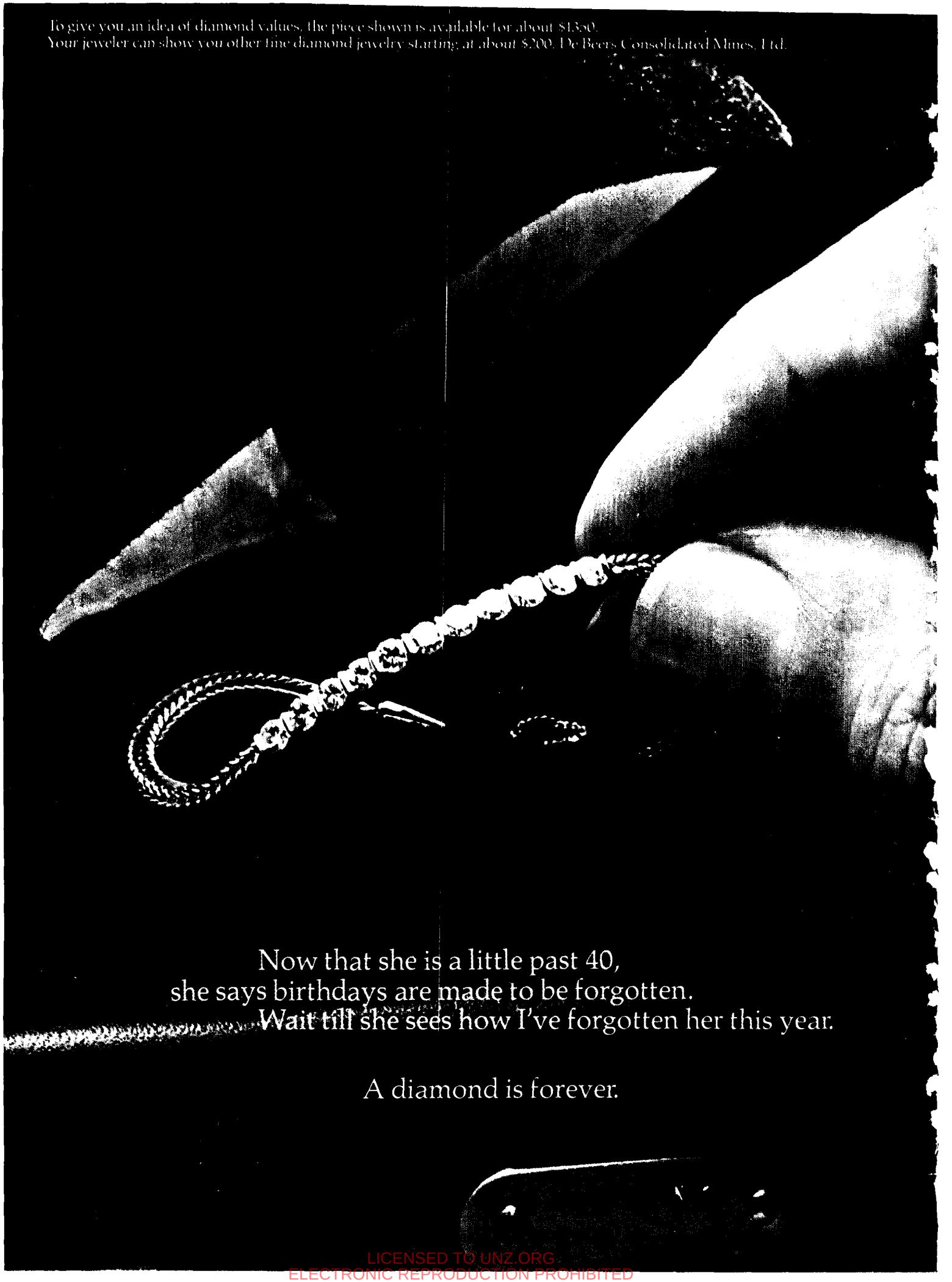

Now that she is a little past 40,
she says birthdays are made to be forgotten.
Wait till she sees how I've forgotten her this year.

A diamond is forever.

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